



By Rocking Chair
 Aaron Williams

by 4-1-58

Atkinson

Ben
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October

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PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6103

OCTOBER 1 1958



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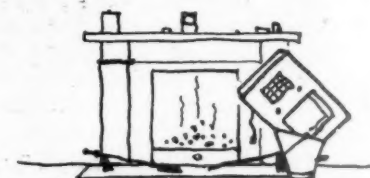


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Boss Shot

WHEN Mrs. Castle scarifies
The troops who under distant skies
Boldly face death to serve their
motherland,
She may be rallying the ranks
Of working-men in Blackburn, Lancs.—
But hardly in Argyll or Sutherland.



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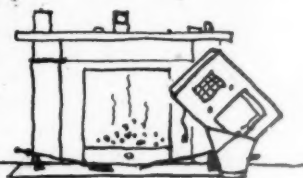


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Punch Diary

REPORTS that President Eisenhower has described the course at Newport as too difficult for him have led to strong rumours that next summer the Presidential circus will be camped on a new site. This reaction seems admirably democratic. A tycoon like Hearst would simply have acquired control of the course and had it re-designed. On the other hand Newport, R.I., must be cashing in on the President's choice of it as a cooler alternative to the White House, and one can see how tempted the local leaders must be to bring pressure on the Country Club to modify some of the trickier holes. Probably a good round will make it all blow over. President Eisenhower should surely be as tough as Sir Winston Churchill, who has never been reported as moving along the Riviera because a view was too difficult for him to paint.

Incitement to Envy

A COLUMNIST whose opening words are "My world—the world of money, of the Savile Row suit and of lovely women" makes a pleasant change in an age of competitive mateyness. Dividing himself sharply from his readers, he is man enough to revel publicly in his good luck. "What a job!" he boasts happily. This kind of relish has the inspiring bad taste of some of Lady Docker's more enjoyable outbursts. The public does not really enjoy the pretence that Ministers and stars and journalists are just ordinary chaps; it likes the successful to enjoy success. I hope this attitude to one's lot will spread, so that we have Mr. Oliver Edwards in *The Times* kicking

off with "My world—the world of brains, of the mint edition and of brilliant women," Mr. George Schwartz in the *Sunday Times* flaunting his champagne lunches with bankers, and Mr. Richard Crossman in the *Daily Mirror* revelling in the glittering social life of the Shadow Cabinet.

Clapping Hats

THE European Hatting Convention put on a fine show of men's hats last week. Each hat was worn by one of four pleasantly ugly male models and was described by the compère in a selection of semi-technical phrases—"very well taken away from the face" or "extremely nicely ventilated"—and as it left the stage received a round of knowledgeable applause. Some hats, particularly the Italian ones, had claques, small groups who unnecessarily prolonged their clapping to the embarrassment of more impartial applauders elsewhere. Three well-known professional sportsmen received a deeper, firmer volley of claps when they were publicly hatted in order, apparently, to show that anyone can wear the new "Delta" brim. But for some reason, the most enthusiastic applause was given for the hat worn by a model who brought a girl on with him.

Bubble Reputation

IT was a courteous gesture for Washington to welcome Mr. Sandys with a nineteen-gun salute last week,



and one which Service chiefs on this side might have taken some talking into. In any case, such compliments are not a part of our own treatment of politicians, and Mr. Sandys may have been surprised and a little apprehensive on hearing the explosions. Did Mr. Dulles warn him in advance, in case he should fall instinctively on his face? I am not familiar with protocol in this matter. How is the number nineteen arrived at? In London, on the anniversaries of the Birth, Accession and Coronation of the Sovereign, the prescribed number of blanks loosed off is sixty-two. Was Mr. Sandys flattered or annoyed to get less than one-third of a royal tribute? Though even a sixty-two-gunner would have seemed rather feeble compared with the salutes currently being received by General Chiang Kai-shek.

Proof

IT is always satisfying when a long-standing doubt is settled one way or the other. For many years now I have had a vague feeling that most people who use the word "pristine" don't know what it means, but it has never been possible to check this. When a man refers to something's having its "pristine whiteness" or "pristine freshness" you can't very well break in "Now, you do know you're talking about the whiteness (or freshness) it formerly had, don't you? You mean it's improved, after getting a bit grubby lately?" And besides, he may very well say "Yes, of course." But now Ross Mark, telephoning the *Daily Express* from Cape Canaveral, has described the first moments of Thor-Able's journey into the unlucky: "Pristine and white, sheathed in ice particles..." To anyone staring at a fifty-two-ton rocket on its way to the moon, the idea that it looks exactly as it used to look is surely high on the list of observations unlikely to occur.

Testimonial

THE post-mortem on the summer goes on and on, with eminent meteorologists on TV telling us we have to go back to 1903 for real bad weather. A new but beguiling angle on the subject was provided by one British matron who was heard to say in tones of firm satisfaction: "In any other country this weather would have brought the Government down."



THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT

Aspects of modern thought and behaviour

WESTERN APPROACHES : Colonialism



TAKING OVER FROM THE EMPIRE

By D. F. KARAKA

IT is the approach to colonialism that makes all the difference.

There are five main approaches—two western, two eastern and one Communist. There is the now outdated approach which said "Damn it, we have it; why the devil shouldn't we hold it?" This approach, unduly inflexible, was last heard of on the banks of the Suez Canal. Earlier, the Indians talked the British out of it at round table conferences. More recently it (the approach) slipped up in Malaya despite all the rubber there. In between, the Ghanaians chalked themselves one up; the Archbishop of Canterbury let the side down by inviting Makarios to a Lambeth Talk. Only Nassau remains—undisputed. They say the natives over there read the *Daily Express*.

Western Approach No. 2, chiefly Socialist, sometimes called moderate, sometimes referred to as left-wing, has been more understanding of the urges of the underfed, the underprivileged and the under-developed. It is of the opinion that democracy and freedom should not too long remain only an aspiration.

Of the two eastern approaches one is based on the idea that, irrespective of consequences, civilized man is entitled to self-government and self-respect; the other, again left-wing, is an emotional prelude to irresponsibility. According to these progressive left-wingers of the second eastern approach, even after freedom comes to a colonial people the responsibility thereof must remain with the colonial power.

The Communist approach is at least straightforward. It follows the routine pattern: "Liberate to enslave." It has often worked.

Colonial people are to be found at various stages of civilization. It is reliably reported that in the Oubang-Chari, big chief Bambuluto, head of

one of the leading tribes, was of the opinion that sketches in *Punch* of dusky damsels wearing nose-rings and a poodle-cut hairstyle were a direct affront to his wives. The years of white man's rule had deliberately avoided teaching his people how to sketch like Pont—kept them backward in fact. And his wives had not the ability to stand up for their rights like Lady Docker.

Colonials complain—and rightly—against the colour bar, segregation and indiscriminate discrimination. They point out for instance that even the international regulations concerning health are tainted with prejudice. Why does one require a yellow fever inoculation when travelling East to West when there is no reciprocal protection given to the healthy black and brown races against German measles, obviously of European origin? The Black Man is tired of playing the HEADS YOU WIN, TAILS I LOSE game. If he asks a white girl to lunch in his hotel in Paddington his Lancaster Gate landlady is shocked,

if not outraged; and if he marries the girl and takes her home he encounters the same parochial attitude at the hands of the members of the managing committee of the Ghana Carlton Club. Colonialism is at the bottom of all this.

In India, much more advanced, the problem has been a different one. We had an early start with a western approach when Mr. Nehru returned to India to lend a hand in the struggle for independence. Behind him stood the twin pillars of democracy—Harrow and Cambridge. He had a ready audience in India even though he was never President of the Cambridge Union. He started speaking. Since Independence Mr. Nehru has spoken much on the theory of democracy although, due to other more pressing preoccupations, he has had little time to develop the pattern of democracy along orthodox western lines. In fact Mr. Nehru discarded his western approaches as soon as he came to power in India.

Now, the general feeling among colonial peoples—African, Asian and



"I've just written to Mildred. You don't happen to have a current issue, unfranked, mint condition threepenny stamp, do you?"

others—is that when colonialism goes, democracy and freedom are automatically ushered in. That has not been our experience in India.

I was sitting in the cubicle of my newspaper office late one evening finishing an article when my eyes fell on a pair of brown legs which could be seen under the half-door. From the *chappals* (sandals) the man was wearing I could tell he was a Bombay policeman. What could a policeman want in a newspaper office at this hour of the day? Being curious I went out to see. The yellow-turbaned policeman, wearing a dark-blue uniform braided with yellow, clicked his heels and peeled off a crisp salute. He had an urgent letter from the Home Department of our State to deliver—an impressive government communication, heavily stamped with authority and sealed with red wax. It was addressed to me. I took the letter and read it. Shorn of all its legal verbiage it asked me to apologize! "Whereas . . ." and so on and so forth . . . "under the powers . . ." It was an Order to apologize. Further down in the same letter were listed the consequences of non-compliance with the Order. The threats were deterrent: copies of the newspaper were liable to be seized, the Order said. The press could be closed down, even forfeited.

My alleged offence was the publication of a paragraph of social news. It told how a Minister of State was snoozing in the waiting room of a local medical practitioner while his Personal Assistant was telling all concerned that the Hon'ble Minister was engaged in an important conference and could not be disturbed.

Assuming without admitting, as the legal phrase goes, that such an error of reporting had occurred, the Western Approach in such circumstances would have been entirely different. One does not expect Cassandra to be arrested in Britain if, for instance, he said—erronously of course—that Britain's Transport Minister was snoozing at the Royal Aero Club during a bus strike. If such an error of reporting had occurred—though most unlikely in a factually accurate paper such as the *Daily Mirror*—it would be customary, almost obligatory, for the Ministry concerned to address a communication to the editor of the *Mirror*, the relevant and operative extract from which would read somewhat as follows:

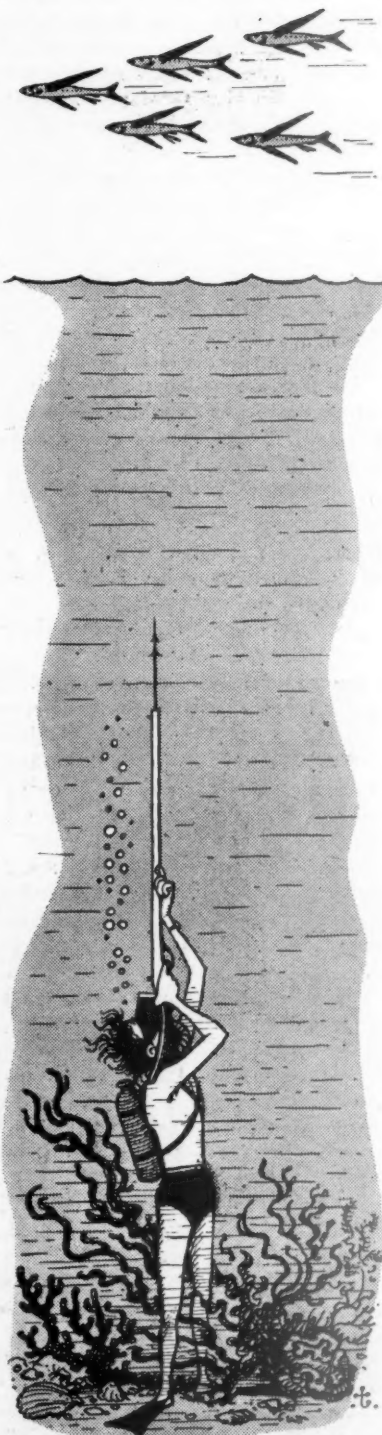
"I have the honour to inform you that the Transport Minister was not snoozing at the aforementioned Club as is alleged by your correspondent; he was in fact in an attitude of concentration commonly known as yoga."

The *Mirror*, following its usual practice, would have issued a suitable correction headed: YOU DON'T SAY.

Mr. Nehru in India has unfortunately not the time for such an exchange of niceties; he prefers to get on with the job of clearing the mess which 150 years of colonialism left behind. Sometimes some of us, schooled in a western approach, feel he is hastening the process too fast. Those of us who spent our lives condemning the notorious crawling order which a British general passed in the Punjab whereby all Indians wishing to cross a certain street in Amritsar could do so only on all-fours are left wondering what we should do about the crawling orders which some of the new State governments of India periodically attempt to pass on local editors. Fortunately, in the Indian High Courts of Justice the judges still read Dicey on *The Rule of Law*, Holdsworth's *Laws of England*, and the time-honoured judgments of eminent British judges such as Blackburn and Cockburn. Our fear in India is that when English is abolished as a language these important books which still sustain our freedom may never be translated into official Sanskrit.

Now it is not entirely Mr. Nehru's fault that in India the processes of democracy have not followed the exit of colonialism. British colonial power, always selfishly anxious to protect its own vested interests, had employed a whole heap of native policemen to protect itself from the rebellious Indians. To some extent this was necessary, because some Indians behaved as if every day was Guy Fawkes Day. The bonfires that were lit had to be kept under control. When the British left, Mr. Nehru could not very well disband these Indian policemen; nor were they exactly suited for conversion into farmers under the Five Year Plan. So what to do? Mr. Nehru solved the problem by making the policemen more responsible; he gave them additional and exceptionally wide powers.

A law was passed whereby a sub-inspector of police could arrest a free Indian in free India without a warrant



and without even giving a reason for the arrest. It was one way of cutting out red tape. You could be sitting in your back garden sipping a glass of lager on a sunny Sunday morning (in India all days are sunny except during the monsoon, when it is horribly wet all the time) and the bearer would come and tell you that there was a police sub-inspector at the front door wishing to see you.

Bring him in, you would say, believing he is hawking tickets for a police ball or a whist drive. But in time even the bearers of Bombay knew that when a policeman knocked at "master's" door it was more often than not to check on "master's" liquor permit and on "master's" stocks of whisky, beer and gin.

Far from disbanding the police force, which was a legacy from the old colonial days, Mr. Nehru found it necessary to enlarge it. Admittedly he gave a lot of employment to his countrymen thereby. But Mr. Nehru kept costs down by cutting down the pay scales.

What is the need for all this police force when India has freed itself from the shackles of colonialism? There are a number of reasons:

Firstly, the Ministers of the Indian government need much more protection than the British administrators did. The Indian Ministers go right into the villages explaining the aims and objectives of the new Welfare State, and quite often the villagers, many of them illiterate, throw shoes, brickbats, ripe tomatoes to indicate disagreement with the Minister concerned. Departmental rules have been framed determining the number of police guards to which the various Ministers of government are entitled. A Cabinet Minister can have about eight; a Chief Minister of a State government can have about the same number; lesser Ministers five, three, and one, according to their status. This is the peacetime allotment. More policemen are allowed to a Minister in case of trouble.

Secondly, new problems have cropped

up which did not exist in the old colonial days. The British had ordered that English should be the official language of the Indians and there was no argument on this point. But when the Indians came into their own they naturally wanted a national language and there has been quite a lot of argument on what that language should be. The north wants Hindi. The south says—and rightly—that no one speaks or understands Hindi below the Vin-dhya range of mountains and a choice should be made between

the two southern languages—Tamil and Telegu. In the east the hot-tempered Bengalis want recognition for their indigenous Bengali and they burn up trams if anyone tells them that Bengali is not right as a national language. In the west there has been a tussle between Marathi and Gujarati spoken in the Maharashtrian and Gujarati areas respectively. To keep this clash of words, accents, languages under control a large police force is obviously necessary.

Thirdly, there is prohibition. At first the ordinary police used to attend to the few spasmodic breaches of the liquor laws which occurred, but of late the work has grown beyond all recognition; thousands of gallons of wash appear in all sorts of nooks and corners of the prohibition areas. This has necessitated the formation of a separate section of the police known as the Prohibition Police earmarked to make prohibition a success. There is in addition a Vigilance Branch to ensure that the police force does not get its own morals tainted.

Fourthly, the numbers of visiting dignitaries who are invited to India has grown enormously. Mr. Nehru is anxious that distinguished foreigners should come to India and see for themselves what progress has been made in the country since the British left. Class I visitors such as Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev have required special protection from the seething masses rushing to garland them; Mr. Macmillan in Class II required a smaller guard because Indians don't bear the British anything like the same grudge of the old colonial days. In Class III come numerous sheikhs from Arabia and the Persian Gulf who are traditionally accustomed to heavy protection. And in Class IV Mr. Dulles was quite a liability.

That colonialism had to go and was unsuited to the changing times is generally accepted by all except fossilized diehard reactionaries; but a new despotism of local tammany bosses, a whittled-down version of democracy sustained by a heavy police guard, has hardly been a satisfying substitute.

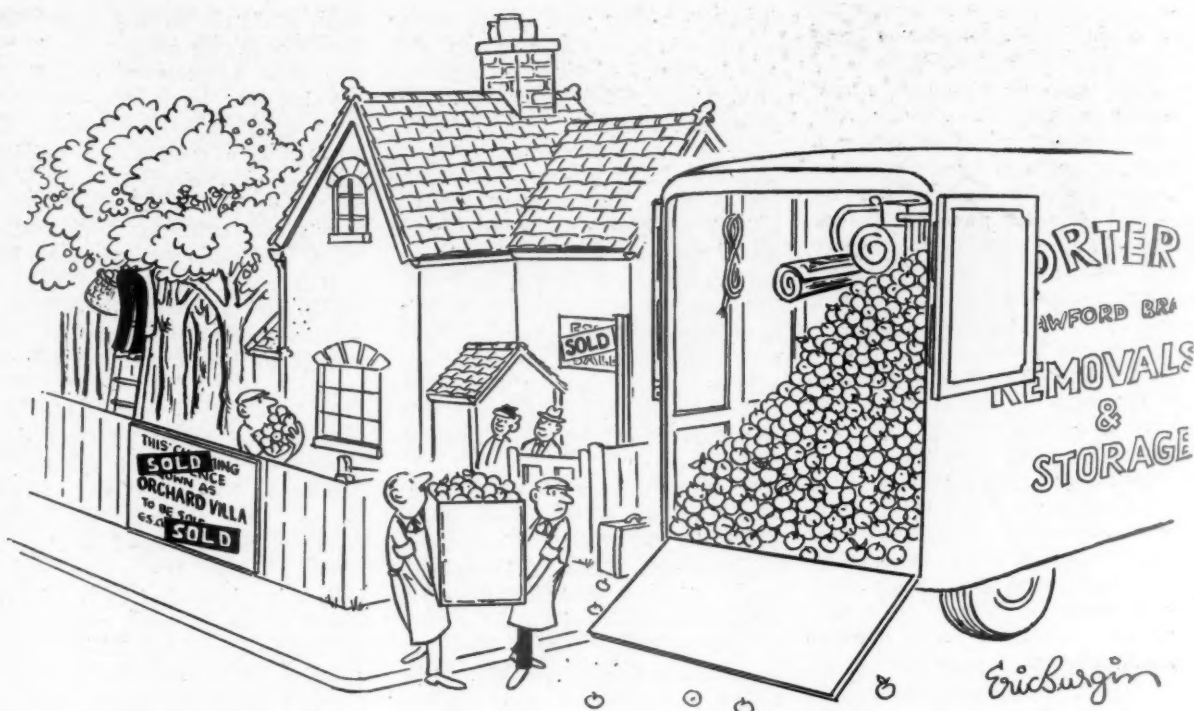


"I'll think of it in a minute—the tune keeps running through my head."

The last two contributors in this series will be:

JOHN WAIN

DREW MIDDLETON



Round Numbers

By H. F. ELLIS

In early August President Eisenhower was sent, as a present, the fifteen millionth pair of kippers exported to America since the Pilgrim Fathers landed.

2. In 1951 the five hundred thousandth visitor to the Festival of Britain was offered a complimentary gift by the management.

3. There is little doubt that on October 20 this year the centenary of the birth of John Burns, the Labour leader, will be celebrated with books, articles and processions to his birth-place.

4. All this mystical obscurantism derives from the fact that man has ten fingers. If he had had eleven, none of it would happen, or at any rate it would not happen on the same day. The worship of round numbers is a monstrous superstition, a survival of primitive totemism unworthy of a civilized people. The five hundred thousandth visitor to an exhibition does not hesitate to boast of the extraordinary

occurrence, though (as Professor Michael Polanyi points out in his remarkable *Personal Knowledge: Towards a Post-critical Philosophy*) the chances against his being the 573,522nd visitor are even greater, and he would never dream of making a song about *that*. One does not know whether to marvel more at the bizarre nature of the present to President Eisenhower or at the misguided industry of those who have bothered to count pairs of kippers for a matter of three hundred and thirty-eight years. Is there, at this moment, mounting excitement in the United States as the tally of oil seeds exported to Great Britain since the War of Independence approaches a figure round enough to justify the presentation of a couple to the Queen? The more one considers the matter, the nearer one is driven to the use of the word fetishist.

5. No statistician, as far as is known, has yet attempted to evaluate the actual damage done, in terms of money or man-hours, by this crazy

adoration of so-called round numbers, by the utterly illogical feeling that some kind of *completeness* attaches to numbers ending in nought. "Make it a round thousand, ten thousand, million"—every day negotiators chuck other people's money about with reckless abandon, unaware that their behaviour is fit only for *The Golden Bough*. Nations make Ten Year Plans, when eight would probably have been better. Look at the Hundred Years War! Nor is it only in finance and chronology that the superstition is burdensome and wasteful. Reams of paper are misused annually by Civil Servants who have got their sub-paragraphs up to, say, forty-eight and deliberately scratch round for a couple more.

6. The total amount of damage done in the whole course of history by this ludicrous rotundophilia is incalculable. Why ten Archons in ancient Athens,* when everybody knows that no one can ever remember the functions of more than six of them? Why the extravagant

*An intrusive friend reminds me that there were, in fact, only nine Archons. This shows how the early Greeks' reverence for *συνεπείθειν* kept them on the right path, until the degenerate days of the Ten Generals and the Council of Five Hundred.



"Surely we ought to have been able to settle our little differences peacefully without resorting to yachting."

increase of Tribunes in ancient Rome from two to ten?

7. Cricket is riddled with rotundity. Sooner or later, it seems to be generally agreed, the longueurs of county cricket will have to be drastically reduced—perhaps to one-day matches. The

opposition to any such change draws its strength, overtly or not, from the fear that there will not be enough time for centuries. If one is not to have the satisfaction of seeing a batsman make a nice, neat, complete, orotund hundred, what will be left? Somehow or other, if progress is ever to be made, this stunted kind of hecatolatriy has to be broken down. But how? Is it any good pointing out to spectators at Lord's that if they had been born with twelve fingers their newspapers would for generations have been telling them that so-and-so was unlucky to be caught at the wicket when only two short of his gross? It is not. They are all helpless victims of the decimal system.

8. All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine years. There is a fine example of temptation sternly set aside—unless, as I sometimes suspect, it is an instance of the over-deliberate avoidance of a round number in order to compel belief. Almost as much time and energy are spent in the evasion, the rejection of round numbers as in their fulfilment. This is equally true of engineering firms submitting estimates for the construction of dams, and of plumbers sending in bills for repairing hot-water tanks. Each has the feeling that the sum they have in mind, whether twenty pounds or twenty million, will have too casual an air to the prospective debtor, will lack that suggestion of meticulous cost-cutting

down to the last farthing upon which the customer's confidence depends. So they make it twenty-one pounds one and eightpence, or twenty million three hundred and eighty-five thousand five hundred and six pounds, as the case may be. This is bad for business, inflationary and utterly unnecessary if only everybody would realize that twenty million has no significance whatever except that it is the next number after nineteen million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine and the one before twenty million and one.

9. It is no good the reader going away with the idea that all this mystical numerology is a special weakness of engineering firms, cricketers, ancient Greeks, Civil Servants and kipper exporters. He is himself, in all probability, a victim. The private lives of millions are bedevilled by it. I have known a man, in other respects sane and balanced, come back miserable from a day in the country because he had collected ninety-nine different botanical specimens and could not find a hundredth. With my own eyes I have seen a Master of Arts of the University of Oxford make a list of nineteen things to be done before going away on a holiday and deliberately add "Tick off all the above when done" just to make it twenty. Such behaviour is certifiable.

9(a) That is all I wish to say at present on the subject of round numbers.

The Truth about Hornblower

By CHARLES REID

AT the end of a long writing session C. S. Forester turned to galley proofs of *Hornblower in the West Indies*, ticked the last of them, went back to bed. He wakened up two hours later, alert, twinkling and monkish, for tea, cigarettes and mild grilling about an admired friend of his.

REID: As I reckon it, Admiral Lord Hornblower must now be pushing fifty.

FORESTER: Forty-seven any time now.

REID: How's he doing under Pax Britannica? On the bread-line? Driven to sell his Mansion House presentation swords?

FORESTER: Hornblower's one of the

lucky few. Retained on active list. Commander-in-Chief, West Indies station.

REID: Married to Lady Barbara still?

FORESTER: Yes. Happy, too.

REID: What, after those indiscretions?

FORESTER: Be human.

REID: And young Richard?

FORESTER: Thirteen now. Off to Eton. Won't have the Navy at any price. Means to get a commission in the Guards. After all, the Duke's his step-uncle.

REID: Does Hornblower still hear the pintles groaning in the gudgeons?

FORESTER: When he sits in the stern cabin, yes. Let me tell you what pintles and gudgeons are.

REID: Don't. The phrase would lose its eerie poetry if explained.

FORESTER: That's a good thing. I know what pintles and gudgeons do between them but I've quite forgotten which is which.

REID: And now let's get down to bilge keels. Isn't there something wrong with Hornblower's Id? At seventeen he was put aboard *Marie Galante*, enemy brig, as prize master, with crew of four. *Marie Galante* had been holed by a shot below the water line. Her cargo, bagged rice, drank in

sea-water. It swelled and swelled. Finally she burst like a pumpkin. Nothing much young Hornblower could have done about it. Yet he wept and writhed with guilt. That was typical. All his life he has been kicking and lacerating himself.

FORESTER: Absurd, isn't it? But Hornblower's like that. The man's an introvert, morbidly scrupulous and over-conscientious. That is partly because of his lonely childhood. Mother died early. Father was a country doctor and saw little of his son. His psyche is an ingrowing nail.

REID: Another instance. When making *Sutherland* ready for sea he went without sleep for days and nights on end. He became sick, weary, stupid and insufferable from overwork. He knew Bush and Gerard were capable subordinates. Why didn't he delegate details to them?

FORESTER: He has always been incapable of delegating anything. He broods over detail, fearing that it will be neglected unless he sees to it himself. Always expects to be unlucky. Always

doubts his good fortune. That's your introvert all over.

REID: And his peevishness. After one of his more brilliant Mediterranean victories the villagers of Smallbridge turned out to sing and flag-wave for his homecoming. Hornblower was embarrassed. I don't blame him for that. But he vented his embarrassment on his faithful body-servant Brown. He snarled and yapped at Brown and damned the poor chap's eyes. For that I blame him very much.

FORESTER: Make allowances, do. Hornblower hates fuss. He loathes adulation. In this he differs profoundly from Nelson. Nelson was a terrible little bounder. His relish of adulation marks him off as a detestable man. In battle he showed courage, logic, humanity and shrewdness. But when Lady Hamilton turned on the tap he wallowed in flattery.

REID: I doubt whether Nelson was as peevish with his servants as Hornblower was with Brown.

FORESTER: My dear chap, Brown doesn't mind in the least. He loves

Hornblower and knows how to discount his tantrums.

REID: A thing some of us find it hard to discount is the man's streak of rascality. He saves a convoy of Indianmen from mauling by enemy privateers. Aboard the Indianmen there's a thanksgiving whip-round. Hornblower accepts a purse of 400 guineas. He shows his gratitude by pressing a hundred and thirteen of the Indianmen's hands against Admiralty regs—and rounds off the trick by signalling the commodore that the hundred and thirteen have volunteered!

FORESTER: Sharp practice, admittedly. But consider. He had fought a brilliant action. The guineas came from grateful people who could well afford them. Hornblower wasn't the sole beneficiary. The money was divided among the crew in the usual prize proportions. If he had refused the purse it would have looked suspicious. That would have interfered with his chance of getting the hands he so badly needed to make his ship efficient. He must be excused his



fibbing and trickery in the interests of the Higher Patriotism.

REID: You glory in it really.

FORESTER: So do you, at heart.

REID: Trouble is you're Hornblower's hero-worshipper as well as his official biographer. Look at those *post-hoc* wardroom legends about his Baltic doings which you've swallowed whole.



You have him making rings round Clausewitz on tactical points, leading the Russian infantry to victory on horseback and personally thwarting Napoleon's scheme for world conquest.

FORESTER: If you doubt me, go ask Essen, governor of Riga. Ask the faithful Brown. Ask Clausewitz himself. They were all there. They all saw it happen. Hornblower isn't the only naval officer who commanded shore operations on horseback and had a horse shot under him. Same thing happened to the dashing Captain Popham, whose landing forces raised hell all along the Biscay coast.

REID: But I'm still worried about

Hornblower's Id. Why not have him analysed?

FORESTER: No good. Freud had capital ideas, but they don't work out in practice. I have no faith in the couch. In any case, Hornblower will do very nicely as he is, psychologically. He reads Gibbon and Voltaire. He sympathizes with Radical ideas. There's a reformer buried in him somewhere. And he's a first-rate mathematician.

REID: Also he has a sensitive ear for pintles groaning in gudgeons.

FORESTER: I've just remembered which is which. Now the pintles—

REID (*snatching hat*): Excuse me, the pinnacle awaits.

Just a Minute, Matron . . .

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

SPEAKING as a man who, so far and touch wood, has spent very little of his life in hospital—either as a patient or a visitor—I find myself heartily in disagreement with Miss Powell, the matron of St. George's Hospital.

Miss Powell, I need not remind you, said the other day that the waking of patients at five o'clock "is a pernicious practice," and I should like to know what Miss Powell proposes to do about it. Has she considered the patients' own feelings in the matter? What changes has she in mind? Does she realize that out-patients like me are violently opposed to the mollicoddling of in-patients, to any moves that would make the word hospitalization more attractive?

I usually awake at six-fifteen. In

agony. The pain produced by a small boy bouncing on the abdomen can be excruciating. There is a moment of unbelieving panic, a bewildering return of consciousness, and then the stark reality of another day. And small boys do not always land on the abdomen: they sometimes get across the main aorta or drive a knee of iron into an exposed ear. Given a choice between a nurse's sponge and a small boy's mass I know what my decision would be.

I never have time, on being rudely awakened, to reflect on the joys of *le five o'clock* at St. George's or other hospitals. A patient returns to life gradually. The ward lights are switched on, bathing his eyelids in the rosy artificial glow of dawn. There are exciting noises off—the rustle of a



starched apron, the bell-like chime of enamel and clinical porcelain. And there by his side stands Miss Nightingale ready to assure him that he is looking better, that his temperature and pulse are normal and that it is raining.

Raining. The patient can now occupy his mind with beautiful thoughts:

(1) Only an hour to go, and with a little bit of luck there will be a cup of tea. (Thank you, night nurse.)

(2) Only two hours to breakfast.

(3) Only three hours before the arrival of the man with the morning papers.

(4) Only five hours and that nice house doctor will be on his rounds.

The mind refuses to be cabined by the hospital. Think of all those poor fools, those idiotic out-patients who are still asleep! Wasting the best years of their lives. Don't they realize that the great thinkers and writers have always done their best work before breakfast? Balzac was up at five, scribbling like mad. Arnold Bennett already had a chapter or two under his belt before the corn-flakes arrived.

Another hour or two and all those silly old bread-winning out-patients will be struggling into bathrooms and cold kitchens, scraping at chins and pieces of toast, swallowing deplorable coffee and chunky headlined news, dashing for the bus or train . . . and rubbing their tired eyes. The dopes! And it is raining.

How much better to awaken early, mother dear, and be truly alive at five.

Of course not all out-patients are stirred from slumber by the ebullient gymnastics of small boys. There are also small girls. There are also:

- (a) aircraft flying too low and much too near one's chimneys
- (b) lorries carrying cans full of hammers and lead shot
- (c) milkmen
- (d) birds with little concrete-mixers caught in their throats
- (e) more milkmen
- (f) dogs, cats, poultry
- (g) clogs (a regional touch)
- (h) shunting engines
- (i) burned toast (is there anything more deafening than the din of heavily scorched sliced bread being abraded with a blunt kitchen knife?)
- (j) whistling newspaper boys
- (k) wives.

Miss Powell should think less of her pampered inmates, more of the world's long-suffering out-patients. After all, it is from us that she must in the long run draw her clients.



"There is an alarming and unexpected acceleration in the decline of cinema attendances."—Lord Rank

In the City



Cloth-Cap Banking

WHAT in the name of Lombard Street has happened to British banks lately? These usually dignified institutions have leapt into the headlines, they have advertised, thrown parties, distributed leaflets, exhibited themselves before the public in a manner more becoming to the seller of patent medicines than to the purveyor of financial services. The personal loan and personal cheque accounts, the appeals to the chaps in cloth caps to come and meet the bank manager, are clear signs of a revolution—not so much of a revolution in banking as in a society which is fast becoming middle-class and bourgeois.

When Max Beerbohm first heard Henry Wallace's phrase "This is the century of the common man" he remarked "Then let us be thankful that it is only a century." When the same truth dawned on Lord Monckton and his peers of the Committee of Clearing Bankers the answer, much more wisely, was "Then let us make him a customer of the bank." That is what is happening, and this attempt has immense and

obvious economic social and political significance.

First the banks bought their way into hire purchase finance companies. Barclays led off by acquiring a 25 per cent stake in the biggest of these finance houses, the United Dominions Trust. Where Barclays led the others soon followed. Hire purchase finance has in the past been a highly profitable form of lending. The rates charged have been high, the bad debts exceptionally small. During the period of the credit squeeze, a period during which these finance houses should have been lying low, they made rings round the Capital Issues Committee and its edicts. Once the restrictions on hire purchase credit were lifted the banks were naturally attracted to become part or complete owners of these highly successful and profitable concerns. This they have done.

So far, so good—and perfectly understandable. But then came a move which caused surprise because it brought the banks into what seemed like direct competition with the finance houses in which they had become interested. This move was the Personal Loans scheme launched by the Midland Bank and soon copied by all but two of the Clearing Banks, and also by a number of Scottish banks.

The Personal Loans will not appeal to bank customers who have the standard (and the collateral securities) with which to obtain a normal bank overdraft. They are much more expensive and much less flexible than the ordinary bank overdraft. They are more expensive because they borrow the hire purchase technique of calculating interest on the initial amount

of the loan and then providing for the repayment of capital and interest in regular instalments. On a £100 Personal Loan the present interest charge is £5, assuming the loan to be repaid over a period of twelve months. But since part of the capital is repaid with the first monthly instalment of £8 15s., and is steadily repaid throughout the twelve months, the average amount of capital which has been borrowed over this period is not £100 but slightly over £50. It follows that the true rate of interest charged by the bank is not 5 per cent but something like 9½ per cent.

This may be dearer than the normal overdraft rate, which now varies between 5½ and 6½ per cent, according to the standing of the customer (and his powers of persuasion). But it is much cheaper than the rate of interest on hire purchase contracts, which may rise to the 20 per cents. In addition the Personal Loan has two trump cards to play against the normal h.p. contract. The first is that it offers the borrower—or rather his heirs—the remission of the unpaid part of the loan in the event of death. The second is that the interest paid on Personal Loans will rank as an eligible deduction for tax purposes, whereas no such advantage lies with the interest paid in hire purchase transactions—because in the latter case the amount paid is not interest but a hiring charge.

With the treble advantages of relative cheapness, death benefit and tax rebate, the Personal Loan has introduced a ponderous element of competition in the hire purchase world. Little wonder that a number of companies doing hire purchase business have felt themselves compelled to say "Anything you can do I can do better," have cut their interest rates below those charged on Personal Loans, and have even introduced their own form of death benefit.

If, however, the hire purchase companies are going into the life assurance business in a big way they had better beware. They sell goods and advance money not on the moral and physical qualities of the borrower but on the security of the goods they sell—goods which can always be snatched back in the event of default on the instalments. If a customer obviously at death's door tries to raise a Personal Loan complete with death cover from his bank the branch manager will, with all tactfulness, suggest that his requirements would be far better covered by a normal bank overdraft (on which of course there is no death cover). In the case of Personal Loan the life or death risk is a selected risk. But not so in the case of

"It can't be a petrol leak
there, George . . . George!"



hire purchase business, which is transacted without such consideration for the health and life expectation of the hirer. If, therefore, the practice of hire purchase *cum* death benefit spreads there may well be a deplorable but none the less understandable tendency for the hire purchase contracts to be made out in the name of the least robust member of the household. Grandpa will be pressed into service, and as a result the hire purchase companies will be playing with the dice loaded against them.

The other flank on which the banks are making their popular appeal is the Personal Cheque account. This is a form of austerity or utility banking which, like the utility goods of unlamented memory, is cheap and without frills. It entitles the holder of such an account to draw cheques up to the balance in the account. Overdraw if you dare and the cheques will bounce. It is a cheap form of banking because no charge will be made on the account other than the cost of the cheque, which is 6d. each, including the 2d. stamp duty. The holder of a Personal Cheque account is entitled to none of the complementary services—a safe deposit, investment, the personal advice of the bank manager—that can make the holding of an ordinary bank account such an adventure. On the other hand the personal cheque account is cheap. The 4d. income which the bank derives from each cheque, is probably well below the cost of clearing. Banks

operating such an account argue that this is bread cast upon the waters to attract an entirely new clientele and that the Personal Cheque account holders of to-day will be valued and valuable normal bank customer of to-morrow.

These developments seem to be taking us inexorably towards a cheque-paying, share-owning democracy—and good luck to them. We have heard a great deal of late about the idea of popularizing investment. The first step in that direction is to induce the industrial worker to open a bank account; to rid him and his wife of the idea that an old teapot is the place in which to keep the surplus cash. It is from that point that his further education into the mysteries and advantages of higher finance can begin; that he can be taught that there are investment possibilities beyond those of filling in the football pool coupon, that there are better and less expensive forms of saving than paying off the cost of "the telly" at a true rate of interest of anything from 15 to 20 per cent. The opening of a bank account must be the first step in that process of education, in the conversion of what is by and large an improvident proletariat into a somewhat more thrifty bourgeoisie.

One final word on this vision: the Truck Act must be so amended as to allow the payment of wages by cheque. It is a strange commentary on the improbable consequences to which legal



"Haven't you heard?"

jargon can lead that the Act which, in the defence of the workers, stipulated that wages should be paid "in coin of the realm" is held to bar the payment of wages by cheque. The main beneficiaries of that exclusion are the gentlemen of the cosh who every Friday, with unerring regularity, gather a weekly harvest of cash from messengers carrying the wage-bags from banks to factories and offices. It is high time this antiquated nonsense was swept away.

LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Picking Chicken

GRIMSHAW has often told me that we do not make the best use of the hundred or so hens that roam around our farm, and the other day I went over to his place to find out how the expert goes about the job. Grimshaw is rather a superior type of chicken farmer. No commercial egg-growing for him, no batteries, no deep litter. He is a pedigree breeder.

He keeps his hens in breeding pens,

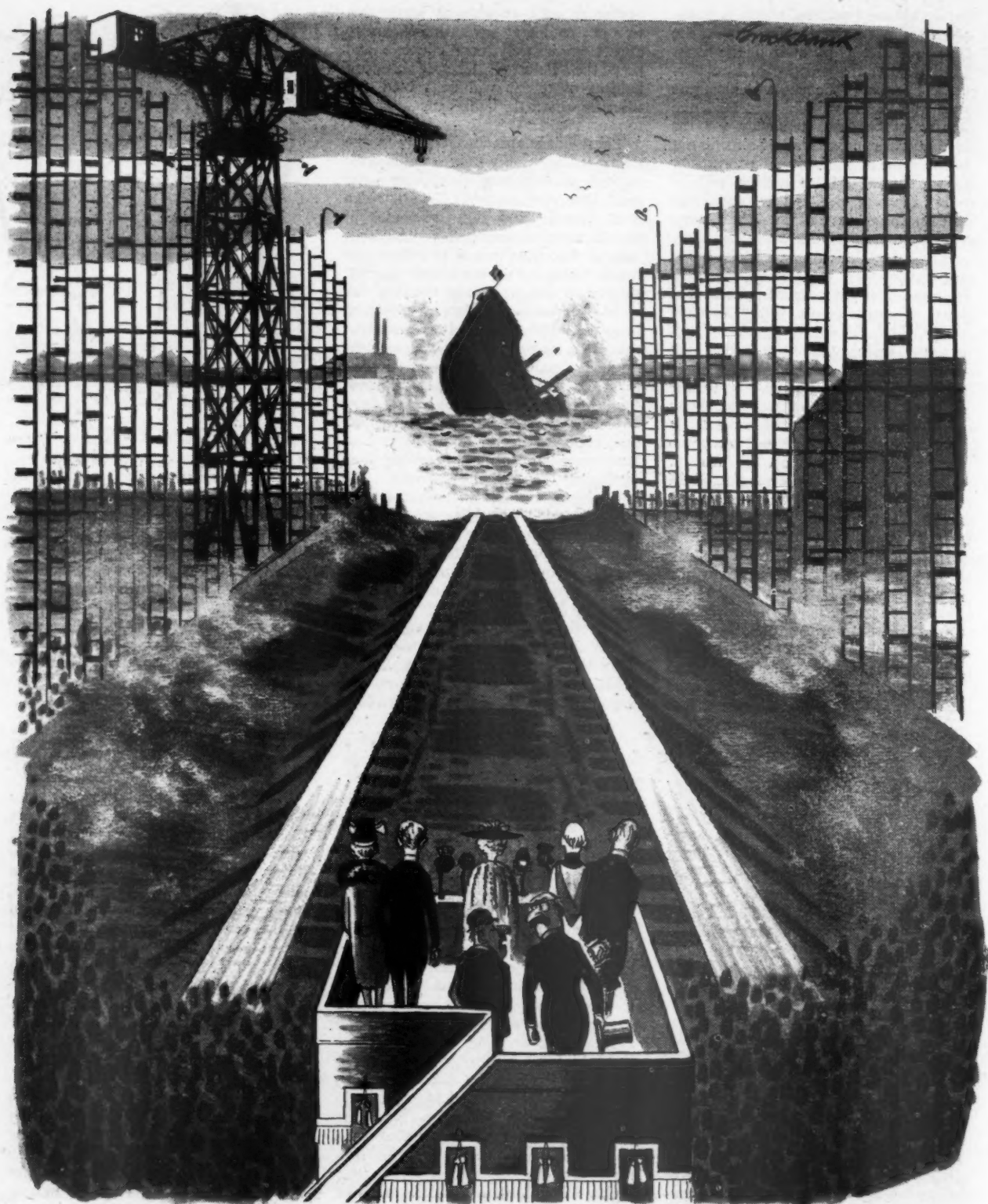
in each of which a dozen or so thoroughbreds vie for the attentions of a single cock. To lay their eggs they are inveigled into nesting traps which they can enter but not leave, and thus from the moment the egg arrives the statistician is in charge. The collector writes on the egg the date and the hen's number, which she wears on a leg-ring, lets the hen out of the trap, and chalks her up with one mark on the score-card which is kept in the breeding pen.

Each hen's eggs are kept separate and at the end of the week they go into the incubator. After eighteen days they are tested for fertility (the duds can still be put to profitable use) and three days later the chicks emerge. Now the sexer does his stuff, examining each under a high powered lamp (it is a myth that only Japanese can do this highly skilled job), and at the same time another man in white clamps on each chick's wing its identifying band, while yet another writes down all the details.

Next comes artificial brooding, and after a spell in the straw yards the pullets are transferred to laying pens, where their prolificacy is given a thorough testing. Only now do the chosen hens take their honoured places in the various breeding pens. At the end of the year a close study is made of hatching cards, sister group performance cards, group mortality records, fertility records, and pedigree cards, and an *élite* cadre is selected to continue the strain. Their matings receive quite as much deliberation as M. Boussac ever gave to those of his mares.

I am sure Grimshaw is doing a great job of work for the improvement of the breed, but I am still going to let my hens continue in their easy-going way. At least they can get on with the job without the attention of a host of senior wranglers, and they even know how to rear a brood of chicks without assistance. This is quite a rare achievement these days.

GREGORY BLAXLAND



"That's what comes of them insisting on a 40-hour week, and you insisting on a scheduled launching."

Eye of the Beholder

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

From: Managing Editor

To: Picture Editors

Subject: ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS

IN future you will please exercise personal supervision over the captions to the above-mentioned. A good deal of sloppy work has been creeping in lately, and the following points are made for your guidance:

Knees, Prince of Wales's

Speculation on whether these are "chubbier" this term is not within the caption-writer's province. I realize that, with an edition on the presses and the necessity rapidly to think of something worth saying under a picture of H.R.H. alighting from a train, the writer may pick on the first thing he sees. Instead he should pause and reflect even if it delays printing a full minute. It may prove that the caption "H.R.H. Alighting from a Train" will do as well as anything.

Imaginary Conversations

It seems increasingly the custom to put words into the mouths of those in royal photographs, particularly in the case of the royal children. Visible indication of what was actually being said when the shutter clicked is slight and capable of wide interpretation. Princess Anne at the Palace window may provide a charming study. Let the reader enjoy it with the minimum of interference. The caption "Princess Anne watches the procession from a Palace window" is all that is needed. I strongly object to such variations as "Look, there's my Mummy," "Oo, lovely gee-gees," and so on and so forth. Similarly, if Prince Philip is caught glancing skyward at a sporting event nothing is to be gained by expressing in print beneath his spoken or unspoken thoughts at the time. Six of the recent photographs of this kind, and which I noted particularly, bore the following captions:

"Where did that one go to?" Philip watches a goal-kick in flight."

"Prince Philip wonders whether the rain is going to hold off during his tour of a beef-drilling factory."

"What has caught the Duke's eye? A Union Jack upside-down perhaps?"

Little escapes His Royal Highness at this rally of young Leicestershire soap-workers."

"Looks all right here—wonder what it's like on Smith's Lawn." The Duke of Edinburgh's attention wanders from the racing as he toys with the idea of a helicopter jaunt."

"Here comes the sun?" As with humbler folk, royalty love to feel the friendly caress of Old Sol."*

"As our First Gentleman is caught off guard easing his neck muscles our camera clearly shows that he is keeping baldness at bay."

None of these captions, in my view, does anything either for royalty or reader, and merely inhibits the latter's imagination. A picture is certain of a longer discussion life if the family can gather round it in genuine puzzlement over what is going on.

Facial Expressions

When Her Majesty the Queen is photographed leaning forward tensely as her horse nears the winning-post there is little point in captioning the picture, "A Sneeze Coming?" The same goes for "This suspense is awful!" "The Queen waits composedly for the result of the photo-finish," and "Oh, well ridden, sir!" Her Majesty had no horse in this race, but is plainly delighted with the victory of The Hon. Lavinia Crumb's Hypotenuse." Give the reader credit for a little sense. He is quite capable of seeing that the Queen is just sitting there like anyone else. Caption, if any: "The Queen, sitting."

The Adjectival Approach

For some reason which defeats me, caption-writers engaged on studies of H.R.H. Princess Margaret rely exclusively on the adjective. As of to-day

*N.B.—Please give the copy-writer responsible for this caption his cards as of now.—Mn. Ed.

Camy



no more pictures of Her Royal Highness will be captioned—

The wistful Princess
The forlorn Princess
The dancing Princess
The pensive Princess
The week-end Princess
The flying Princess
The holiday Princess
The shy Princess
The laughing Princess
The fairy-book Princess
The bebop Princess
The radiant Princess
The midnight Princess
The horse-loving Princess
The bejewelled Princess
The poker-faced Princess,

etc., etc. I propose to supply you with further lists of banned adjectives as it becomes necessary or desirable. Please see that your caption-writers do not regard this as a challenge to come up with rare and presumably safe adjectives. I shall fire the first man to try "The hermeneutical Princess" or similar, and you with him.

Conclusion and General

I do not exonerate your cameramen. Last year our provincial group alone published more than three thousand royal photographs (excluding the Duke of Kent). In my view less than a quarter of these said anything worth saying, and even then the captions said something else. Caption-writers, aware of the thinness of their material, therefore resorted to enlargements of detail. Thus, a photograph of Prince Philip inspecting an Anglesey boatyard was blown up to a 3½-inch by 2½ inch close-up of the bottom of his left leg (caption: "The Duke sets the fashion for a narrower turn-up"). This sort of thing does a service neither to the press nor the monarchy, and uses space which could better be devoted to advertising our next series of intimate Palace revelations, whichever is next.

Finally, if your caption-writers fail to benefit from these few remarks I shall have to consider dispensing with captions to royal photographs altogether. It is unlikely, after all, that readers can be in any real doubt as to the identity of the subjects portrayed; as to what they are doing at the time, whether actual or invented, whose business is it, anyway?

Toby Competitions

No. 36—Help!

IT is conceivable that among the Answers to Correspondents on the "Let Us Help You" page of a popular women's magazine the following might appear: "I confess that I can see no way out of your predicament. We must hope for the best." Competitors are invited to compose in not more than one hundred words the reader's letter to which this might be the answer.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first

post on Friday, October 10, to TOBY COMPETITION, No. 36, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 33 (Not in the Book)

Competitors were required to frame a new Rule or Law for one of the following games: Bridge, Chess, Cricket, Golf, Lawn Tennis or Soccer; the object being to add spice, entertainment or interest to the game in question.

The M.C.C. might care to take note that the prize has been awarded to:

PETER GARDNER
NEW HOUSE
EASTHAMPTON
KINGSLAND

LEOMINSTER
HEREFORDSHIRE

for the following rather complex entry, which is proposed as a practicable new Law of Cricket:

"The fixtures shall include four open frames, dimensions: height 2 ft. 6 in.; length 20 ft. 0 in., each hung with 2-in. mesh net. The frames to be placed 2 ft. 0 in. beyond the boundary line, parallel to it, with the open side facing the wickets. Two shall be placed in a line with the wickets (one each end), and one at either side and square. Should the ball enter the net off a scoring stroke the award of runs shall be twelve. (For byes, the same.)"

The object: to encourage a batsman to beat an attacking field without penalizing a defensive one.

Among suggestions which attracted favourable attention were the following:

CRICKET

A non-scoring batsman after twelve balls, or a wicketless bowler after two overs, shall be warded; i.e. in the presence of the umpires he shall receive one sharp stroke of the stump on the leg-side buttock from each member of his team, not includ-

ing twelfth man.—*Michael Birt, Stone House, Staunton-on-Wye, Herefordshire*

First innings: unchanged but only nine men bat. Second innings: remaining two bat, remainder of their team taking the field. As the batsmen "run," their team prevents the fielders from getting possession, tossing the ball from one to another, none holding it more than three seconds. Once the bowler has the ball the next ball is bowled. When a wicket falls the innings ends.—*Dr. D. Saklatvala, 42 Charlemont Road, West Bromwich*

BRIDGE

The new "Freeze" alarm clock is designed to ring once in every hour, at unpredictable intervals. Bidding in progress at the time will immediately cease, and the last bid made will decide the contract, whatever stage the auction has reached. If bidding is not in progress, your "Freeze" should be reset to ring again within the hour. Open and sporting play will thus be encouraged, and obscurantism deterred.—*F.O. J. B. Evans, The Joint School of Nuclear Defence, Winterbourne Gunner, Nr. Salisbury, Wilts.*

SOCCER

The present method of congratulating the scorer of a goal by his team-mates is declared illegal. Instead, the scorer of a goal for the home team shall march to the front of the stand, escorted by the rest of his team, and accompanied by appropriate music. A female film or television celebrity duly appointed in the same way as the referee and other match officials, will be waiting there. She shall embrace the scorer, subject to public decorum, warmly. In the event of the away team scoring the game shall be resumed immediately, without ceremony.—*W. C. Woodward, 50 Kingston Avenue, Worcester*

CHESS

As normal Chess, with the addition of a pack of cards, face down; after moving, player turns up top card, with result as follows:—

- (1) *Number Card.* Dictates number of minutes within which opponent must make next move.
- (2) *Picture card.* Gives the player an extra move (10 mins.) but no additional card.
- (3) *Ace.* Change sides immediately.

A. J. Broad, 41 Thornton Close, Cambridge

GOLF

In any game, where not more than two players are engaged, if the difference between the handicaps of the two players does not exceed five (5), should either player reach any green in one stroke from the tee and the other player not reach that green in one stroke then the player who shall have reached the green in one stroke shall use his putter with the opposite hand to that normally used (the hand used for driving being the normal hand in case of dispute), but not with a putter suited to that hand. Not applicable to holes in one.—*T. W. Marriott, 62 Lowther Road, Eaton Rise, Norwich*

Book tokens to the above-mentioned, and also to:—*R. Boyd, 196 Camber Drive, Pevensey Bay, Sussex; L. J. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone, Kent; F. H. E. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex*

CHESTNUT GROVE

Fred Pegram drew regularly for *Punch* between 1904 and 1937



Lady (to Professor who has spoken learnedly of the *Atlantosaurus*, *Ichthyosaurus*, *Iguanodon*, etc.). "How interesting! How very interesting! But do you think we can be really quite sure they were called by those strange names!"

December 21 1910



Sir Galahad : The Facts

*The famous Wide-Boy of Camelot muscles in
on the fashion for sporting revelations*

I HAD already begun winning victories in tournaments when I was still in my early teens, and my old dad, Lancelot, said to me one day "Gal, my lad, there's money in this. We'll turn you professional while the going's good."

My old dad was a man who always believed in striking as hard a bargain as he could. "Do others," he always used to say, "before they do you. Remember that you're no good for first-class

tournaments after about thirty-five. There's no money in these minor-county bouts. You're better off as a wassail-keeper. So you must make your hay while the sun's shining."

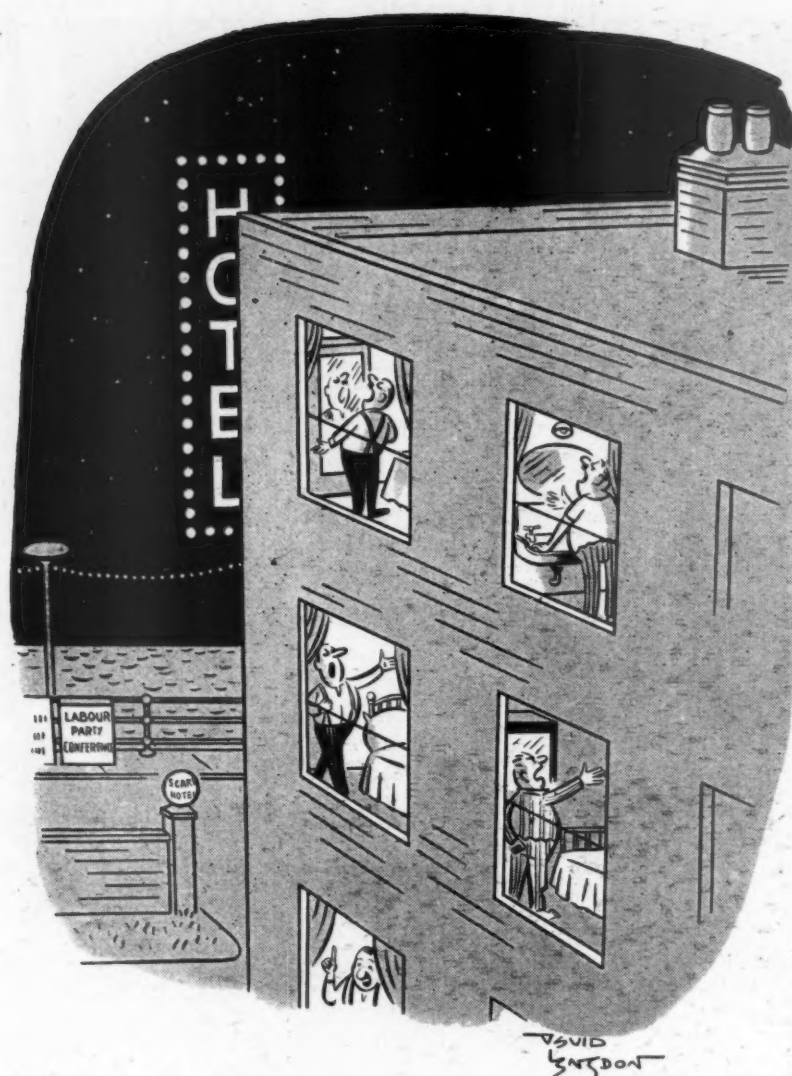
My dad contacted King Arthur and the king sent for me. We were shown into the Hall of the Round Table and there was the king sitting at the head of it. They had wanted me to go and see the king without dad, but dad was not having any of that.

"Sign here," said the king, pushing over to me a roll of parchment.

Of course I couldn't read, and that they knew very well. But dad could read. That was just why he had come along with me.

"Here, king," he said, "just wait a bit," and he snatched the parchment away from me. "Let's have a look at this before there's any signing. We can cut out the play-acting. You want some new blood at the Round Table and here's my boy. You want to buy and we want to sell. What are the terms?"

He read through the parchment.



"Madam chairman, fellow delegates . . ."

"Two thousand crowns?" he said with disgust. "Not good enough. Not nearly good enough. Four thousand crowns and ten per cent commission to me."

"You know very well that that's illegal," said Arthur.

"Course it's illegal when you make up the laws," said dad. "Who cares about that? We know what you plan to do—keep him for a season or two and then sell him to the Orkneys. Take it or leave it, and if you don't take it then he'll stay amateur, and I shouldn't wonder if he wouldn't make more money that way on the side than ever he would get by signing your forms."

Arthur knew that he had met his match and he agreed to dad's terms.

I enjoyed the Quests on which Arthur used to send me, and I always played fair with him so far as the actual fighting went. I can honestly say that, whatever people may think, I never sold a tournament in my life. But at the same time I always remembered what dad said to me. He said "They're using you because they can't afford to do without you. Never you forget that." They were running a publicity stunt then about me being a perfect, gentle knight and how I couldn't abide women. "Don't you mind about that," said dad. "Let 'em say what they like in the

papers. That don't do you any harm. All that you need to bother about is that they pay for it. If they say anything wrong about you, why, you have a hold over them, that's all." I saw that and guessed that as a result of it I could always be pretty generous to myself about Expense Accounts. So when Arthur sent me down to Cornwall to rescue the Maid of Tintagel I charged up first-class travel from Carlisle. There was a row about that.

"But you didn't come from Carlisle," said the king.

"See here, king," I said, "do you want me to fight for you or don't you want me to fight for you? Modred would be tickled to death to have me fight for him, you know."

Arthur knew when he was on to a good thing as well as the next man, and he knew what I meant. He paid up the expense account without a murmur.

Then, when I got to Tintagel I found that it was not only a question of rescuing a maid but there was a dragon to be killed into the bargain. Now I had no objection to killing dragons, but I wasn't in this chivalry business for my health. I asked dad what I should do about it.

"Don't you touch a dragon until they pay you two thousand smackers for it," said dad.

"But the dragon may have eaten the maiden before the smackers come through," I objected.

"Well," said dad, "that would be just too bad for the maiden, but it wouldn't be too bad for you. There are plenty more maidens to be rescued and plenty more dragons to be killed. Smackers," said dad, "and some."

"Smackers it is," I agreed.

Arthur did not like it. He was afraid of what the other knights would say if they found out that he was paying me more than the regulation fee for maidens. He had just refused a bonus the week before, you see, to Sir Perceval. But I knew what I was worth to him and I stuck out. He handed me the two thousand under the Table when Perceval and the other knights weren't looking.

Dad had his own publicity to look after as well as mine. They thought that it would jazz things up a bit if they ran a story about him and Arthur's Queen—Guinevere, I think her name was. Of course dad would as soon have had an affair with a shoe-horn and

he was not very keen on the idea of writing it up. It seemed to him kind of silly. But they insisted that it would be good publicity. So he said he didn't mind provided that they paid. But dad has his own standards. "See here, Malory," he said to the publicity man, "this is business, and you can do what you like in the way of business—so long, of course, as you pay. Nobody minds what goes into a book, but I'm a man of middle-class morality and I'm not going to have you talk about things like that before the boy."

I never learnt to read myself, so I was never able to discover what it was that Malory put into his book, and dad would never tell me. I did not know exactly what it was that they said about dad and Guinevere—except of course that it was all a pack of lies and dad made them pay through the nose for it.

Next week: How I did them at Sarras
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

How to Get Results

"Cut as many lectures as possible."

Prof. H. L. Elvin, director-designate of the
Institute of Education, London University

SO you're going up to Oxford, Mr. Weatherby? An interesting place, I am told, Though I myself never went there. Of course, the curriculum is old And many of the methods mediæval. Their numbers are ridiculously small, And education as a science has hardly affected them at all. You will have to exercise patience, especially in meeting a belief In the value of personal instruction that is almost touchingly naïf. Books? Yes, I think they have them—perhaps not as many as they ought, Their whole approach being hardly in line with contemporary thought. But you know the ground you have to cover and you know the sources to consult, And I'm sure the Authority can trust you to show a satisfactory result. Us? Oh, no, Mr. Weatherby, the university must say. No, it doesn't seem sense, but we've still got to do it that way. It's a matter of means to an end. Their teaching, I haven't any doubt, Is something the average student would do far better without: But degrés are theirs for the giving, and that's what you're going there to get, And we cannot safely suggest your ignoring their examiners yet. But warn you against their teachers we can and certainly we ought. We want a degree, Mr. Weatherby. You're not just going to be taught.

P. M. HUBBARD



"Of course we can't put the hood up—we'll get soaked if we stop."

FOR
WOMEN

The Chemise of the Arch-Duchess

LIFE must have been hell lately for Henry.

Fixations being what they are, that is. But then I don't really know, because I haven't seen him since we were at school and would probably never have thought of him at all if I hadn't tried on and bought a chemise.

It was that first chemise that reminded me of Henry. And the French play and the diction exercises and the arch-duchess.

I had just put the dress on and the shop's mirror was giving back my shapeless reflection in triplicate when the whole soul-stirring sentence came back to me and I had all I could do to keep from turning to the sales-woman to say pleadingly: "*Je veux et j'exige que la chemise de l'archiduchesse soit sèche et archisèche!*"

The line came into our lives when we were staging *Cyrano* in French. Those of us who were in the cast had a hard task-mistress in the director; we might as well have tried to scale Mount Everest in our bedroom slippers as get past her with a sloppy "u." Before each rehearsal a half-hour was spent in repeating certain set phrases (the "how now, brown cows" of French, so to speak) designed for the improvement of

our diction. The sentence that intrigued us most was this one about the arch-duchess. An impulse to giggle when conjuring up a picture of the maid, or whoever she was, wringing her hands over the necessity of the lady's chemise being not only dry but arch-dry was not exactly conducive to a mastery of the sounds involved.

To most of us the sentence was a joke, but to Henry it was an ordeal. Of the entire group of players his pronunciation was by far the best. His stumbling block was the word "chemise." The chemise wasn't being worn then but it was remembered and known as something that belonged on the skinside inside, and Henry, who was a rather shy boy, encountered serious laryngeal

difficulties every time he had to say it. There was something Freudian there, I suppose, but I never figured out what it was. What I do know is that Henry, after dealing competently with "*Je veux et j'exige que la,*" would, on reaching the fatal word, turn as red as the chemise (outside type) that I turned down in favour of a black one. Then he would sputter through the "*de l'archiduchesse soit sèche et archisèche!*" like a broken-down machine gun.

How very French it was, when you come to think of it. Apparently you can't get away from the Gallic touch even in a diction exercise. Not for the French the colourless "Call Paul to the ball" of our English elocution teachers. "*Eh bien, maintenant, vache brune*" would bore them to death. They want something more—well, more French. They prefer to combine a member of royalty with an article of intimate feminine apparel and then introduce a second party who becomes so deeply moved by both that she goes about *veux-ing* and *exige-ing* over them.

The famous French touch was certainly a trial to poor Henry, and I can't help but think that the year of the chemise has been a bad one for him. If he still turns red at the sound of the word then he has been changing colour like a traffic-light for months. Perhaps the fact that the chemise has lately been worn on the outside instead of the skinside has made a difference. Perhaps not. A fixation is a fixation after all. They're telling us now that the chemise has had its day, and I hope for Henry's sake that this is so, because the best thing that can possibly happen to him is for the chemise to go out and stay out, just as archduchesses seem to have done.

WANDA BURGAN

What is a Mo?

TOP fabric this season is mohair. But what is a Mo? What is this summit animal whose hair is being so drastically sheared, clipped, or plucked to produce all these fuzzy-wuzzy garments? The answer should be in Belloc's *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*,

somewhere between the Yak ("As a friend to the children commend me the Yak") and the well-known description of the Llama:

*A Llama is a woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat
With an indolent expression and an undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man.*

Surely there was a poem beginning:

*You want to know
What is a Mo?
My child, be all attention!*

Yet a search through Belloc reveals no Mo, no Mo at all. Next, then, to the encyclopædia: Mohair is the hair of the Angora goat of Turkey and South Africa.

All right; but why Mo? Is it possible that the Angora goat is a hybrid with a strain of donkey, Mo being derived from Moke?

Aschers, the British fabric firm mainly responsible for the Mohair cult, throw no light on the Mo, but confirm that their mohair comes from the Angora goat of Turkey. They mix it with wool, or with wool and nylon, but whatever the mixture there is never less than 50 per cent mohair. Nylon was introduced to strengthen the fabric and make featherweight dress mohairs, such as the new looped mohair—up till recently mohair was too bulky except for top-coats.

This season several of the Italian designers showed evening dresses in Ascher's mohair, embroidered with sequins, and mohair evening cloaks, sweeping the ground. For sports and the open air there were mohair anoraks, and suede coats lined with mohair. There were mohair wig hats. The barrel-shaped mohair cocktail skirts so beloved in Italy and France, in black and in brilliant colours, patterns, and plaids, are now selling madly in the London boutiques.

In the Hardy Amies ready-to-wear collection we saw mohair used with a very high degree of elegance: a moss-green suit, ocelot collared, was worn with ocelot muff and hat; a mohair dress with sawn-off jacket had the new high waist from which its skirt swirled in deep unpressed pleats; a ripe tomato mohair made another enticing full-skirted dress, with very broad belt buckling high at the back. There were also some chic yet congenially cosy little black outfits in Llama, that woolly sort of fleecy hairy goat. Seeing these, one felt sure that the Llama is a ruminant relation of the Mo.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

☆

Taken In

HAVING babies is not a complete vocation; you need something to go with it. But the little poppets can't be left alone, so that means Taking Something In. Washing, sewing, lodgers, typing, more babies, etc.—and the softest of these is typing.

First, print a postcard ad. in your boldest hand with baby's coloured

chalks and place it in the glass case outside the local Post Office. Before the drawing-pin has made a rusty circle you'll be play-pen deep in work.

Do not attempt to type until the children are in bed. Then set up your machine directly opposite the television screen, wind two sheets of paper and one sheet of carbon round the roller (all together) and begin. The thing is to look for the letters you want among the rows of little buttons on the front of the machine.

Sometimes, of course, the work is difficult to read. It may be half-obsured by sodden, trodden rusk, or by a wobbly ring of crayon, fiercely spiked, above a caption, "MUMY." Or it may be torn in pieces, which means unroping all the kiddies and letting them play with their home-made jig-saw puzzle.

When the work is finished place it six feet from the floor and lock the step-ladder and high-chair in the garage. Then, when your client calls, you have only to pick off the half-sucked acid-drop from the title-page, smooth out the glider creases and shake the dark blue tiddlywink from pages nine and ten.

Your customers will be from many walks of life, and since you will not meet the same one twice your horizon will be vastly widened, and you won't have time to let their little fussinesses jar. ("The

word was 'Ah!', not asterisk-three-quarters-sémi-colon!") The kiddies, too, will benefit in social confidence. They will soon learn to receive your clients with a finished poise, enunciating boldly: "Mummy's out. It's on the ironing board. Good-bye!"

HAZEL TOWNSON

☆

Old Girls Together

WHEN dressing for a School Commem

Give thought to it; reflect
How wide a Scope it offers them
Who like a sharp Effect.

Shall one convey, by Hat and Face
And Line and All, the air
Of dropping in upon the place
From some gay world out there?

Or—looking not unglamorous
But rather Safe, in Tweed—
That, dash it, as it's only Us
One doesn't really Need?

For either way has equal force;
One cannot swerve one whit
The Verdict: *aged a lot, of course,*
But hasn't changed a bit.

ANGELA MILNE



"It won't stop."



BOOKING OFFICE

Arabian Days

The Yemen: A Secret Journey. Hans Helfritz. *Allen and Unwin, 25/-*

THE Yemen lies north of the British Protectorate of Aden in the south-west corner of Arabia. For a variety of reasons it is a country not made accessible to foreigners by its rulers. Herr Hans Helfritz, a German, having contrived to visit its capital, Sa'na, on an earlier occasion, to avoid official refusals decided to pay his next visit by way of a desert thought to be impassable, with the object of making further investigations—archæological, photographic, and musical. This is the record of his journey.

There is always a certain sameness about books dealing with Arabs, and for my own part I read them with some feeling of relief that it has never been my lot to have to deal on such a scale with that race, whose nature seems for some reason to attract many Europeans so keenly. At the same time one must admit that Arabian travels are rarely dull. Some of us may find Doughty's prose wearisome, but there is usually something of interest in many less-known works on the same subject.

Herr Helfritz's least informative side is that connected with the precise date of his journey (one suspects it was pre-war from the light-hearted way he refers to the British Empire), and also with the financial and other arrangements. All such administrative details are ornamental to such a story and should be included. It is, for example, the exactness of his description of minor arrangements that causes Wavell's account of his journey to Mecca to be so readable after half a century. However, Herr Helfritz does let fall the fact that he possessed only a little money collected from the proceeds of articles and lectures; that he had laboriously learnt Arabic, and acquired Yemenite friends before embarking upon this venture.

The result is certainly of interest. The photographs are excellent; no doubt the recordings of music and singing which he brought back with

him were no less enjoyable. This was the land of the Queen of Sheba; from here the Magi, the "Three Kings of Orient," set out to follow the Star. Although scarcely any excavation has been allowed, the country is rich in ruins and inscriptions. Little or nothing is known of the race the Arabs displaced—for some reason Arabs are now often spoken of as if they have lived for ever in the areas they overran, and for ever had a prescriptive right to them—but these forerunners reached a remarkably high state of civilization. They seem, incidentally, even to have built a skyscraper of twenty storeys.

Herr Helfritz had to endure the customary accompaniments of travel of this kind: attacks from vermin maddened with excitement at tasting Western flesh for the first time; bad food; lack of water; incarceration for

weeks at a time. These hardships he seems to have borne with remarkable equanimity, including missing the boat home and having to wait another ten days, as there had been room in the car for only one of his escort of three; that one unfortunately happening to be the soldier who was not carrying the exit permit.

The size and architecture of these cities of the Yemen, shown in the photographs, are both remarkable; the pictures of the people themselves scarcely less striking. The vice of the Yemen is *qat*-chewing, *qat* being the plant of a small non-flowering shrub with succulent light-green-leaves, the mastication of which brings a feeling of physical repose and spiritual contentment, without intoxication. However, *qat* also ravages the physique and undermines powers of resistance to tropical diseases.

The construction of the narrative of the journey at times leaves something to be desired, but Herr Helfritz's comments are often admirable. He points out that where he was travelling "the arbitrary division between activity and rest, waking and sleeping, is unknown. Only when opportunity or necessity demand it do they exert themselves fully or show real vivacity. Otherwise life continues, night and day, in the same easy rhythm which makes all the sharply defined differences and boundaries to which we are accustomed disappear and blend with one another."

He is also good on the camel: "There is something strange about these animals; you never succeed in establishing a personal relationship with them, as with horses. They perform their work patiently and quietly, but there seems to be a perpetual cloud of discontent surrounding them. One would almost say they hate being camels, but at the same time despise all other forms of life, including mankind. The only emotions they express are hate and resentment . . . Mostly they have an absent look; their gaze is turned inward, indifferent to their surroundings. But sometimes they turn their heads right round and look the rider on their back

NOVEL FACES



XXXVI—NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

*The cruel sea need not inspire alarm—
It's done Monsarrat no apparent harm.*

in the face with both eyes. Then their look has an expression of the deepest melancholy mixed with accusation and contempt. I can think of nothing that can disturb their composure."

ANTHONY POWELL

The Amiable Prussian. Charles Drage. *Blond, 18/-*

After his entertaining biography of *Two-Gun Cohen* Mr. Drage tackles another soldier of fortune, Walther Stennes, the Junker who became a Freikorps leader, a policeman, a *putsch*-leader, a Brown Shirt leader, an opponent of the Nazis who got away and Chiang Kai-shek's strong-arm man. He had the two qualities Mr. Drage seems to admire most—loyalty and efficiency. We hear a good deal of his gaiety, his panache, his impulsiveness, his ability in handling men and his knowledge of warfare; but it is difficult to feel that his career deserves the praise Mr. Drage (whose own involvement in the events is hinted but not made explicit) awards it. One suspects that parts of the story, particularly in the later half of it, have been discreetly omitted. The word "Amiable" in the title presumably means by comparison with other Prussians, not an exacting standard. He was, if it comes to that, more amiable than Hitler. However, his experiences are interesting in themselves and throw some light on important but seldom illuminated corners of modern history.

R. G. G. P.

The King Must Die. Mary Renault *Longmans, 16/-*

It isn't often that a reviewer rations himself to so many pages a day so as to prolong the pleasure of a first reading. *The King Must Die* is the story of Theseus from his childhood in Troezen to his return to Athens after the slaying of the Minotaur. As a story it is thrilling, as a picture of the past wholly convincing. Theseus himself is a character drawn in the round, a real man who has good reasons for all his actions. But the civilization of Crete (late Minoan III, I suppose), is the real hero of the book.

We see poor old King Minos, gravely ill but unable to abdicate, his frivolous court where priestesses play at serving the gods and soldiers play at being men of honour; even the skilled craftsmanship of the lower orders has lost its way in a false *naïveté*. Minoan Crete was a pleasant place to visit, and Mary Renault has roamed all over it. The magnificent report that her imagination has brought back will delight every intelligent reader.

A. L. D.

The Prospects are Pleasing. Honor Tracy. *Methuen, 15/-*

In this story of ingenious young Tommy O'Driscoll, who dreams of being a national hero and is dispatched by a lunatic to England in order to steal from a London gallery an impressionist painting to which the Irish patriotic

movement lays claim, Miss Tracy sets out to examine "the discrepancy between the Irish myth and the Irish reality"; but more than a touch of the indigenous whimsicality which is one of her targets has rubbed off on the novel itself: Tommy's accomplice deserts him for a job in an advertising agency and his own nerve fails; the painting, actually stolen and flown to Eire by a sophisticated dilettante who adopts Tommy as a protégé, is hung upside down in the House of Irish Painting by Tommy's egregiously eccentric Edwardian landlady; and Tommy is rewarded for his cowardice and greed, in a Lucky Jim-like manner, by being given charge of the "Come to Lovely Erin" publicity campaign. The style—sometimes resembling a pastiche of Liam O'Flaherty—reminds us also of O'Flaherty's satire *Hollywood Cemetery*, in which similar Irish foibles were far more devastatingly and entertainingly lampooned.

J. M-R.

Hotel Adlon. Hedda Adlon. *Barrie, 21/-*

Arnold Bennett would have crowded over this book, which lets us in on the intimate life of one of Europe's really grand hotels, that survived two wars to be burned down soon after the Russians arrived. It was built by Lorenz Adlon, who started as a carpenter, it cost a million pounds, mostly borrowed, and was opened in 1907 by the Kaiser, grumbling that its furnishing put Potsdam Palace in the shade. Realizing the stuffiness of German cooking, Adlon engaged Escoffier and brought the blessings of French food to Berlin. The authoress married his son, and shared in the management for many years.

Her account of the day-to-day running is of great interest, but so is her human story: the famous who made the Adlon bar an international island, the intrigues handled with velvet gloves, the cat-burglars and the political tightrope of her Imperialist family. Frau Adlon writes with judgment, if not exactly with humility, and has been well translated by Norman Denny.

E. O. D. K.

The Secret Invaders. Bill Strutton and Michael Pearson. *Hodder and Stoughton, 16/-*

Admiral Sir Philip Vian's signal "Congratulations to the vanguard of Overlord" was the culminating point in the achievements of a daring organization known as Combined Operations Pilotage Parties. It marked the fulfilment of Lt.-Com. (now Captain) Willmott's idea that prior reconnaissance by canoe-borne swimmers could provide invasion forces with such detailed information that many lives need not be sacrificed unnecessarily. The "Coppists" also planted human markers just off the invasion beaches to guide the British forces in to the right spots, although the Americans declined the offer of such markers. Refusal to accept that offer



"Eat up your plankton, dear, and one of these days you'll grow up to be an ash-tray."

resulted in the loss of many more American lives than would otherwise have been the case when their invasion forces were driven off course right to a heavily defended sector of the coast.

The training and operations of these men which led up to the Normandy landings were copied later in the Far East. Mountbatten was so convinced of their usefulness that he preferred not to embark on a seaborne invasion without COPP scouts to guide the troops in. Interesting material laced with some humour makes absorbing reading. A. V.

AT THE PLAY

Jezebel (OXFORD PLAYHOUSE)

IN a work at times alarmingly distasteful, Anouilh removes the fourth wall from a sunlit bed-sitting room (perhaps less rundown-looking than he would have wished, in this production) to present a family of three in whose lamentable lives he invites our interest. The place is "A seaside town in France," and there are hints at a resort: it is possible, but seems doubtful, that such lives are lived in the back streets of Nice. Father is a lecherous lay-about, Mother an ageing nymphomaniac, and Son (Father addresses him as "Son," helping to impair an atmosphere which needs more than anything to be French), bound to the pair by habit, poverty and what must be sheer spinelessness, though the text is obscure on this. The boy loves and wishes to marry a healthy, wealthy, jumper-and-skirt girl (but, "I'm not a virgin, if that's what's worrying you," she says, thus reassuring us over any fears that she would be a misfit); however, though she is all in favour too, he feels understandably hesitant until he can end his mother's current romance, which happens to be with the girl's father's chauffeur. His efforts to achieve this, in the face of Mother's alternately screamed and slobbered appeals to be permitted her last degrading fling, furnish the play's main course, with side-dishes

in the form of a poisoning, blackmail by a nubile slut of a housemaid, and Mother's resort to the bottle. There are ingenuities of construction and development, and an ideal farce plot emerges, but the author misses his opportunity in this direction, and gives us instead the now familiar Anouilh sexercise.

It is largely due to valiant efforts by the cast that laughter does not in fact

of her love-life disgust but do not horrify. In less blowzy moments her avowed affection for the boy fails to compel—and presumably it should, otherwise there seems no reason why he should stay, a loudly-protesting captive, in an emotional cage whose door stands open.

As the son, Dirk Bogarde gives a competent acting performance with conscious grace and good looks, but hell and torment need to be added. As the maid, Wendy Hutchinson smoulders wickedly, and more nearly comes alive than the others in the play—indeed, than the play itself.

The final curtain is oddly inconclusive, as if the author, having had his fun, suddenly yawned and laid down his pen. As well he might.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Stephen Spender's translation of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, at the Old Vic, makes dramatic hay of history (17/9/58); Paul Scofield continues in *Expresso Bongo* (Saville—30/4/58), a musical satire on pop music; Dora Bryan in revue, *Living for Pleasure* (Garrick—16/7/58); a well-written domestic drama, directed by John Gielgud, *Five-finger Exercise* (Comedy—23/7/58). Two Edinburgh Festival productions, their London first nights last week, were the new Eliot,

The Elder Statesman (Cambridge—3/9/58) and *Long Day's Journey into Night*, by Eugene O'Neill (Globe—17/9/58).

J. B. BOOTHROYD

AT THE BALLET

L'Amour et son Destin (COLISEUM)
Susana and José (SADLER'S WELLS)

TWENTY-five years ago musical highbrows were outraged by Leonide Massine's daring to raid the sublimities of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony to serve the purpose of his ballet, *Les Préludes*. Now Serge Lifar has gone to the same composer's Sixth for inspiration of a ballet on much the same theme of Man's hopeless struggle with Fate. But his *L'Amour et son Destin*, done last week in London for the first time by the de Cuevas Ballet, is a lightweight affair unlikely to stir the purists to protest.

It does not invite discussion as a significant interpretation of the *Pathétique*. Its four episodes, Love, Seduction, Victory and Triumph of Destiny satisfy no expectation of dramatic power. There is no suggestion of mighty forces at work on a supernatural plane, though Georges Wakhevitch's settings offer an oddly independent view of the cosmic theatre of destined destruction.

The success of the work lies in the originality and beauty of the steps which Lifar has devised and the fluid movement by which they are linked in lyrical progression—and of course the superb dancing of this matchless company. Nina Vyroubova and Serge Golovine, in the leading roles of The Woman and the Man execute, for instance, a *pas de deux* in which they give a quite dazzling account of Lifar's brilliant choreography though without indicating any relevance to the high-flown synopsis of the programme. Later, however, Miss Vyroubova gets across the emotion of the sufferer from the Seducer's wiles. Still, many ingredients of high quality do not add up to a total work of art of distinction.

Individual excellence is the secret of the impact made at Sadler's Wells by Susana and José—*tout court*—who with a Flamenco singer (Sernita de Jerez), a guitarist (Paco Hernandez), and a pianist (Armin Janssen) present a programme in which there are few concessions to the popular notions of Spanish dancing and music. I found it entirely delightful.

PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

An exhibition of theatrical drawings and caricatures from *Punch* over the last one hundred and seventeen years is now at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, the Theatre Royal, York, the Gateway, Edinburgh. In London an exhibition of *Punch* theatre drawings is at the Saville Theatre.

REP SELECTION

Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, *Major Barbara*, until October 11th.

Northampton Repertory Theatre, *The Chalk Garden*, until October 11th.

Nottingham Playhouse, *A Memory of Two Mondays*, by Arthur Miller; and *A Resounding Tinkle*, by N. F. Simpson, until October 11th.

Queen's Theatre, Hornchurch, Hugh Sinclair in *The Day Before Yesterday*, a new play by Ralph Stock.

break in. There are threatening moments. Hermione Baddeley fans from her "Sweet and Low" days should (though they may not) admire her determined denial of mirth as the mother; she may even be too conscious of the need to keep comedy at barge-pole's length, and thus fail to make the full swing the other way; the maunderings over the fag-end



Georgette—WENDY HUTCHINSON

Marc—DIRK BOGARDE

Mother—HERMIONE BADDELEY

[Jezebel]

The dances vary from the stately gravity of a strict Court dance, *temps*: Philip II, and a solitary mourner's traditional expression of grief, to the gaiety of the more familiar traditions of Aragon and Andalusia. Since no Spanish evening could be rounded off without a *Zapateado* we had José bringing off the exercise with a miraculous firmness of control and exquisite delicacy.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE PICTURES

The Defiant Ones
The Proud Rebel
Rockets Galore

MUCH of the power of *The Defiant Ones* (Director: Stanley Kramer) is sheer physical power. Absurd though it may seem to use the phrase about a picture, which cannot literally touch an audience except with sounds and patterns of moving light, it is the phrase that comes nearest to conveying an impression of the strength, the intense grip of some of the scenes here. I am thinking particularly of scenes showing men making the most extreme physical effort against enormous resistance: stretching and striving to reach, to hold, to pull or twist or lift something just too much for them. Yes, I know that strictly this kind of sensation is basically in the category of those aroused by a circus turn, and nothing to do with aesthetics at all. The fact remains that, used in its proper place according to the design of a narrative, and balanced with effects of a subtler kind, it can have a great and legitimate value.

This is the one you have read about, the story of the white man and the Negro who escape, chained together, from a gang of prisoners. Plenty of people knowing this will avoid the film on the assumption that it must be "gloomy." I wish it were possible to get them to put it to the test and discover that it is nothing of the kind. The literal truth is that this left me cheered, stimulated, pleased with the feeling that I had used the time well, whereas (for instance) *Rockets Galore*, which these people would assume must be cheering because it is a comedy, left me bored, exasperated and in a bad temper.

The film is magnificently done. Its pattern is that of the simple chase: the scene switches between the fleeing men and the group of police and deputies under the command of a humane sheriff who has his own problems. The pursuers' activities are skilfully used to balance and counteract the story's tension, and they unexpectedly (but without any feeling of inaptness) include a good many moments of light relief, even fun; but the situation of the fugitives is central, and we see more of them.

They are enemies from the start. For each, the other is not only a dangerous but a bitterly hated weight on the other



Joker Jackson—TONY CURTIS

Noah Cullen—SIDNEY POITIER

[*The Defiant Ones*]

end of the chain, and when they are past some fearsome obstacles (a torrent that almost drowns them, a deep clay-pit they have to claw their way out of—these are scenes of extraordinary power) their enmity explodes in a savage fight. Then when at last the chain is cut, there proves to be an unacknowledged, invisible bond between them. There is an astonishingly moving moment when the Negro turns back to the hesitating white and, after an electric pause, cries "Come on—you're draggin' on the chain!"

But it's no good trying to summarize; the small, significant incidents make their effect in sequence—impossible to mention them all, but any one loses half its strength without those before and after. This is the result of an admirable script, firm and cunning direction, and acting that could hardly be bettered. We knew Sidney Poitier as a good serious actor, but Tony Curtis's performance is something of a revelation. The other, smaller parts too are splendidly done, every one a memorable character. It's a fine, satisfying film, giving a pleasure that lives in the mind.

The Proud Rebel (Director: Michael Curtiz) is an altogether more conventional piece, with a hero and heroine, a villain, and a happy ending you can see coming an hour away; but it is interesting, with some good suspense scenes, and pleasant to look at (in spite of what I took to be two reels that noticeably didn't match in colour with the others). A post-Civil-War story: the proud rebel (Alan Ladd) is in the unfriendly north looking for a doctor to cure his little son, and Olivia de Havilland is the lone-

woman-on-a-farm who befriends him. Good pictures of farm work and of a clever sheepdog in action, and among other good performances an excellent sketch of an affable old doctor by Cecil Kellaway.

About *Rockets Galore* (Director: Michael Relph) I'm evidently in a minority; most critics seem to think well enough of it. But for me it had all the marks of a contrived sequel (to *Whisky Galore*), with everything that worked before immensely over-emphasized in the belief that this will make it work twice as well. Scottish charm, corn, slapstick, a roguishly all-wise priest, and the sort of wild topical exaggeration that years ago, when Ealing films did it for the first time, was very funny. (The amused U.S. view of the British is wearisome enough, but preserve me from the British who have discovered how amusing they are and now—after watching it so often—know the correct British satirical method.)

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: *A Certain Smile*, a very glossy colour version of Françoise Sagan's novel with (I gather) the uncomfortable point left out. More worthwhile—*The Cranes are Flying* (24/9/58) and *Ice Cold in Alex* (9/7/58).

An amusing release is *Next to No Time* (17/9/58). The Danny Kaye *Merry Andrew* (6/8/58) I found disappointing—one very funny scene, but otherwise he's wasted.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE OPERA

Der Ring des Nibelungen
(COVENT GARDEN)

THE Ring music-dramas (if you call them operas you will get into very serious bother) have now been coming up yearly at Covent Garden for a decade. Anybody tiring? This time there has been the odd empty seat, unthinkable hitherto. More changes than usual are being rung on the casts. Otherwise the devoutest among us would yammer.

Same Wotan, of course. Or almost the same. Hans Hotter's beard, once chestnut, has turned off-black, and there's a new pallor about him, as well as a demonic cock of the right eyebrow which I never noticed before. But his singing is so like 1948 as to sound like a tape recording of it.

Another fixture we cannot well do without is Peter Klein. His tininess on-stage and his knock-kneed scramblings as Mime the dwarf have long mystified and delighted us. His performance looks a physical impossibility. Although house publicity keeps quiet about it, the rumour is that he wears tubular metal supports inside his ragged trousers. If he contrives to look four-foot-five that is because, even when on the hoof and moving, he is actually sitting down. There is a touch of metal about his singing, too. It is true and strong, with lustre and shrewd edges.

Of the new tenors, Richard Holm (Loge) puts voice and musical intelligence into a part that all too often has been a brilliantly acted pain in the ear. Jon Vickers' first go at Siegmund was marred by wrinkled fleshings that made him appear to be wearing a white elastic garter under one knee. But here again the musical gain was immense. Mr. Vickers' is a true and likeable Siegmund voice. Though not yet "informed," his phrasing has promise.

The new women singers so far have been dominated by Astrid Varnay. Her Brünnhilde was tragic: anguished and regal acting allied to a cumbersome and occasionally tart vocal line. Her singing wasn't in anything like the same street as her acting until the Farewell scene. Until then our hearts were divided and sorrowful.

Rudolf Kempe, conducting, balanced orchestral tone and vocal tone with uncommon justice. CHARLES REID

ON THE AIR

"I think . . . I mean . . . sort of . . ."

THE personal interview is an ace-in-the-hole for TV. This applies to both the semi-rehearsed "We have here in the studio . . ." type and the less controllable and more exciting street-corner "Views-Make-News" encounter. You get a view of the victim along with his

views. You hear his voice and you see him wince or smile or bridle. (And sometimes, much too clearly, you can see that he's reading from a script below screen level.) When a big personality comes to town the interviewers occasionally get him on several programmes, edited on film and direct, in news bulletins and features. Then there's the danger, or the excitement, that you may hear his good impromptus repeated and tarnished. I remember the late Mike Todd in an afternoon programme paying charming off-the-cuff compliments to Elizabeth Taylor and his "Round the World" film, while the interviewer was asking him questions about quite other things. And in the evening, with another interviewer, he did exactly the same thing, in the same words, and showed that the cuff was frayed. Pity. But, in a way, good TV.

Most extra-mural TV interviewers are expert in The Method now: the rigid stance so that attention is not diverted from the victim, the slim microphone rigidly held so that the eye loses it. But still, in the best interviews, in the studio or extra-mural, the victim collars the show. Mr. Manley of Jamaica put up the most exciting "Press Conference" performance of the series two weeks ago, answering barbed questions about the colour problem with grace, precision, patent sincerity, a pleasant voice and some barbs of his own. So often the superabundant interviewers of this panel diminish the victim through their obvious determination to make their own marks. It was a treat to see Mr. Manley diminish the lot of them. Had there been public

opinion polls before and after this interview, Mr. Manley's rating would have gone up jet-propelled in twenty minutes. Good TV.

My other recent favourite moment was when Robert Kee, for "To-night," talked to a retired English expatriate in Switzerland, in a set of interviews designed to show the merry throng of tax-happy English out there. We were not given the name of this one warrior-at-ease (he said he came back to England only for regimental dinners and pheasant shoots). When Kee asked him specifically why he liked living in Switzerland, he said, with precision and patent sincerity, that his neighbours in Switzerland were so rich they thought nothing of giving luncheon for a hundred people in their homes. Good TV.

The editor of a partisan political weekly once said "An editor's job is to avoid libel." "An editor's job is catching trains" one had heard. Other editorial aphorisms could be concocted, and may have been already. But "avoiding libels" is the most thought-provoking that I know so far. A TV interviewer's job is to produce fireworks just this side of discomfort, even if he himself gets a bit mauled and diminished in the process. The better this TV interviewing becomes, the more silly the daily press pseudo-magnificent, on-the-spot, "I-am-writing-this-under-shellfire-in-Quemoy" stuff reads. Three years ago one would have said the first thing an interviewer had to do was to make the armchair audience relax . . . not to feel uncomfortable about the nerves of interviewer or victim. We have gone beyond that now, and the art is to get the victims to electrify. Soon there will be a better, shorter word for TV interviewers. Theirs is a very skilled job.

Quick Notes. Sid Caesar never again approached the brilliance of his great "Bauerhoff Clock" act. It is the single act I would most like to see again on TV. Jacques Cazot's "Black Swan" ballet variation, with René Blon, in "Chelsea at Nine" last week, was a close runner-up. If you think you've missed some of the commercials on ITV and worry about it, you needn't. At 10 a.m. on Mondays ITV shows you all the new ones . . . Doctor ("Let's Take a Simple Illustration") Bronowski is well worth staying up for till 10.15, "New Horizons" (ITV, Tuesdays) . . . I am agonizingly fed up with the rhyme "arms"—"charms" in pop songs . . . I wish the extras wouldn't start swaying to the music in the background when the star sings . . . I'm sorry Larry Adler isn't going on as compère in "Late Extra" (ITV, Tuesday, 11 p.m.). He was warming up. The interview with Elaine Dundy ("The Dud Avocado") on his programme last Tuesday was good. And his jazz group, with Humphrey Lyttelton and the Duke of Bedford, brave.

RICHARD USBORNE



PETER HAIGH

DANIEL FARSON

RICHARD DIMBLEBY



"One day, my boy, all this will be yours."

Much Beholden

By R. G. G. PRICE

TUESDAY. Truly are we blessed with the bountiful kindness of those whose lands adjoin our cheerful village. This forenoon my maid Mop much overwrought by the arrival of our good neighbours Lord and Lady Cremhampton at the rectory gate. They had the condescension to ask after James's progress in his studies and Mary's acquirements, which have now, by their bounty, been extended to the harp. Their coachmen handed to my man, Old Tom Force, a fine quarter of venison.

In the chief of the day our good neighbours Sir John and Lady Pounce, with their family, to wit Dick, Molly,

Chevenix, Horace, Lydia and Peregrine, did us the honour of calling to inquire how it went with us and consented to honour our humble roof and take a sip of mulberry wine. James had to recite from the Hebrew text of Isaiah, Sir John having been his benefactor in the provision of lessons in that tongue, and Mary had to display the crewelwork she has completed since she first availed herself of the most generous invitation to share lessons with the young Pounces. Sir John brought with him four brace of fine partridges.

In the evening a knock at the parsonage door sent all the females of the establishment scuttling to the curtains

to see who it was. What cries and racing to the looking-glasses when the caller turned out to be none other than our most respected neighbour, whom I am almost emboldened to call our dear friend, Lord Haux! He would not stop for a dish of tea but merely disburthened himself of his tidings, which were that the Hall, so long empty, is to have a new owner and that to-morrow none other than the Earl of Weatherbate with his Lady and twelve of their offspring will come into residence. He insists that the porch before our homely front door is too mean for the living and will send Mr. Frice, his estate mason, to-morrow to draw plans for a splendid portico.

His keeper accompanied him with a haunch of venison and a couple of dozen rabbits.

Wednesday. A fine day with the wind in the same quarter. Young Tom Pitt hath served me well for five years without wages other than a new hat, so have given him leave to attend a hanging. Scarce had we sat down to our breakfast when our new neighbours called upon us, they having come down from town by coach during the night. The Earl is a man of fine presence, sober judgment and much learning, and he conversed very graciously and was pleased to commend my wife upon the trimness of our appointments and the rosiness of our little ones. He brusquely commanded that Mary should join for lessons in French and Dancing with his own children and would brook no denials. The lass will have to move swiftly as her lesson-time at Pounce Abbey ends only five minutes before her new lesson-time at the Hall. The Countess presented us with twelve stone of damson jam made in her own still-room and, I suppose, brought hither in their train.

Buried old Saul Hewlett. Baptized Jenny Hope and Lisbeth Frost and Jonathan Wagg. Have warned the Parish Clerk that he is wearing out the

bell-ropes. At dinner my wife was somewhat put about to incorporate in the good fare a noble goose sent by Admiral Hecketty, the owner of the fine chestnut avenue that I see from my library window.

In the evening we played riddles; but I had to send James to his books after a little time at the amusement as we cannot but take advantage of Lord Cremhampton's offer to send him to Paris as a companion for Lord Edward. I would willingly have foregone the cold grouse that appeared at bedtime; but it needed eating and it is difficult to dispose of gifts in a village where all is known.

Thursday. Owing to the noise made by the men working on the new front to the house, for such in truth it appears to be, I took my books into the vestry. The church cold as Admiral Hecketty hath with noble munificence removed the windows to replace with stained glass displaying in each pane his arms but the replacements have not yet arrived. Dinner late as a side of venison arrived with the compliments of Lord Cremhampton just as some hares sent by Sir John Pounce were ready for the table. Had several letters of thanks to write. Visit from Admiral Hecketty to announce he is of a mind to send James to Oxford. He fell over a couple of

dozen claret, a gift from Lord Haux for which there was no room in our exiguous cellar. He is adamant on building a larger cellar for us. We are to await at daybreak the arrival of his architect.

Friday. Tib the turtle-dove prefers to walk upon elm-leaves rather than beech-leaves, as I proved by an experiment on our lawn, not being able to use the house owing to the workmen at both front and back. Glad of several funerals to pass the time. Mary has been chosen by Lady Cremhampton to accompany her daughters on a prolonged tour of the spas of North Britain. This cannot but interfere with her obligations to her other patrons. I foresee bad blood in the vicinity.

Saturday. Gratified by simultaneous visits from Lord and Lady Cremhampton and family, Sir John and Lady Pounce and family, the Earl and Countess of Weatherbate and family, Admiral Hecketty, his lady and family, Lord Haux, his lady and family and the Dowager Lady Corcale, who drove from some way beyond Gruesome Copse. The builders plied their trade with a will and all who visited us brought venison. Wrote my sermon on St. Jerome's commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, taking as my text his words, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." I found writing it a great comfort unto me.

Sunday. Wrote with great secrecy to My Lord Bishop asking him to give me a small parish which is in his gift at the mouth of the estuary. It is inhabited only by the degraded offspring of sailors wrecked on the sands, apart from a few wretches who hide their heads in shame for nameless transgressions. All the population are chapelgoers. There are no inhabitants of the better sort. I feel a call to work there which cannot be denied.



"Victor staked me a round-trip ticket to Canada in exchange for my vintage Bentley car. This car, incidentally, displayed a Guinness label in the licence holder for a whole year . . . it was the same colour and I couldn't afford the real thing."—*Autobiography of David Niven in Sunday Express, 17 August.*

"He could not resist a gamble. He once won £5 by displaying a stout bottle label in the licence-holder of his Rolls-Royce for six months."—*Obituary of Ian Hargreaves in Daily Mail, 18 August.*

Niven wins easily.



Too many books about the United States have been written by men who have spent only a few weeks in the country. This one is different: it is by a man who has never been there in his life.

1

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

AFTER much thought I chose to enter the United States by way of New York, which quite lived up to my expectations. It proved to be a thriving city largely situated on a small island off the coast of New Jersey, containing Grant's Tomb and the Polo Grounds.

I had decided that this town would probably be a fairly convenient jumping off place for a tour of the country, since it is connected to the mainland by a ferry service and several short bridges, each of which is the longest in the world. In point of fact, when the time came for me to say good-bye to New York and strike out into the U.S.A. proper I hired a small boat from a humble clam-fisher whose grandfather was born in County Mayo, and rowed across the picturesque Harlem River to Third Avenue. From here it was but a stone's throw to Hartford and the grim wastes of the Appalachian Mountains, dotted with lonely commuters' shacks and the nests of bald-headed eagles.

But I am rushing ahead. Let me deal with New York.

(That's the trouble with the U.S.A., especially down the right-hand side: the sense of urgency, which comes

sweeping across the country in the prevailing wind from Portland, Oregon, seizes you like a fever, so that you frequently find yourself half-way through to-morrow's schedule before you've digested yesterday's tranquillizer. I met one well-to-do business-man, a manufacturer of psychiatrists' sundries, who actually keeps his desk-calendar a week ahead of anybody else's. "Nobody's going to steal a march on me, Mac," he explained. On one wall of his office there was a sign which read: "It's Too Late Already," and he told me that he had started excavations for a deep shelter before the ink was properly dry on Einstein's Theory of Relativity.)

New York, then. First, the historical background. To begin with, the Dutch, rather surprisingly, were persuaded to buy the place from the aborigines for some beads they happened to have, and later the British introduced street-lighting. The cosmopolitan atmosphere was further enhanced by the erection in the harbour of a monument to the French Revolution and the arrival of practically all the inhabitants of Ireland. The latter, having established themselves in Tammany Hall, proceeded to lay the foundations of the police force, the Notre Dame football team, and Errol Flynn. So the city grew, until to-day it is the headquarters of the Delta Phi Epsilon Sorority, with a mean annual temperature of 54 degrees, legalised Bingo, and a brisk trade in boots and shoes.

Never shall I forget my first sight of

the Manhattan skyline. I had seen nothing quite like it since I watched the Liver Building fade from view as we slipped down the Mersey, with the majestic derricks of the renowned Birkenhead shipyards silhouetted dramatically against the sunset away to starboard, and Bootle's biscuit factories pointing their fantastic chimney-fingers to the sky on the right. The Statue of Liberty, too, I found impressive. It is a big effigy of Frederic Auguste Bartholdi's mother, with people walking round her hat for ten cents.

I asked my guide (his name was Pilsudski, and his grandmother was born in County Mayo) whether he would mind if I took a snapshot of the statue. (I had to ask him, because he was standing in my way.) "Listen, Mac," he said kindly. "I know it must seem strange to you, but here you can go *any* place, see *anything*, take all the pictures you *want*, and no questions asked. You know why? Because this ain't no Welfare State, that's why."

I could see by the elephant in his lapel that he was a Republican.

I encountered no difficulty with the immigration people once I had signed a confession, although they kept me waiting rather a long time while they examined the three pages of *New Statesman* which I always fold up inside the headband of my hat when I've had a haircut. They didn't make any comment, but later on I noticed men with big shoulders lurking behind pillars as I signed in at my hotel, eyeing me expressionlessly over the tops of

their *New York Herald-Tribunes*. Under their armpits they had suspicious-looking lumps. One was flipping a coin. I strolled over to him.

"Look, Mac," I said, "My father was born in County Mayo."

He batted an eyelid. "In a pig's eye," he said.

All the same, he and his companions (or "buddies," as they say in New York) presently left, rather sheepishly, and drove off in a bullet-proof sedan. I had won the first round.

Reaching my hotel room I found that it had been systematically searched, and a small tape-recorder placed under the bed. I smiled to myself, enigmatically.

The hotel itself was just off Broadway, and therefore inclined to be noisy. Each day at about dawn I would be awakened by the sound of Follies girls being rolled home along the corridors by laughing Elks in evening dress and cardboard fezzes, on account of a Convention. Apart from that, I liked the place. It had a friendly atmosphere. The lift-boys treated you as an equal. You felt that you *belonged*. Then again, you didn't have to go very far before you found an ice-water machine, and often I would join some merry group as they gathered at one of these oases for a few minutes' light-hearted banter, pounding one another on the back and

making their wild Indian calls as they quenched their thirsts from little paper cups. There were laundries, swimming-pools, cinemas, rehabilitation centres and, in the room next to mine, a poker-game that had been in progress since 1951. On the other hand the tea was beyond words, and so, for that matter, was the coffee.

DURING those first few magical nights I would listen to the sounds of the city after dark as I lay in bed on the eighty-second floor: the eerie wailing of sirens as the cops drove relentlessly about their precincts wearing grey fedoras; the intermittent yelping of stabbed delinquents from over towards Central Park; the rattle of the window-cleaners' buckets as they hung like spiders on the Empire State Building, performing their never-ending task; the unmistakable clang of a spittoon being kicked over somewhere far below; the sobs of the maladjusted as they tramped the streets in search of an analyst with a night-bell; the weird metallic sounds as lovers and undesirable aliens tapped out messages on the central-heating pipes; an occasional thud as the latest edition hit the street; the soft murmur of conversation floating up from the sun-baked stoops of brownstone houses as the citizens took their ease in T-shirts, sneakers and Bermuda shorts, smoking a last cigar and exchanging homespun philosophy under the garish neon signs; the purposeful footsteps of Walter Winchell and Drew Pearson echoing through the silent streets and alleys as they kept their fingers on the pulse of this great metropolis; now and then a muffled roar as G-men turned their powerful flame-throwers on a crop of marijuana growing in secret on some vacant lot; the steady drone from the apartments of a thousand immigrant Puerto Ricans as they slept with their TV sets full on; the swish of call-girls speeding through the night in convertibles on their errands of mercy; and, beneath it all, as a constant reminder of New York's buoyant gaiety, the gales of full-throated laughter drifting up from the Main Stem—the jolly voice of the Great White Way itself—as the merry-makers surged along from Trinity Church to West 261st Street in a never-ending carnival procession, blowing squeakers, drinking from hip-flasks, discussing the latest play, getting





vitamins out of slot-machines, meeting college chums, pouring in and out of happy clip-joints, and proving to the world at large that this is still the most joyful street on earth, or even in America.

Unhappily, when I saw Broadway in the daytime it seemed to be closed.

I believe a short account of my host in New York might not be inappropriate here. Like most New Yorkers

he was in advertising (the remainder work in the garment district), and he wore such big shoes that he walked like a man with fallen arches. (Actually his arches were in good repair. What he chiefly feared was athlete's foot.) He had entered the advertising profession against his will, his father having unfortunately known an influential man called Ed. He gave me to understand that it was a rat race. All

the senior office-boys (or vice-presidents as they are called) hated one another bitterly: each one of them would go to extreme lengths to get himself a private office with his very own ice-water machine, caring little who got stomach ulcers in the process. Gil (my host) had three times been hauled before his acting supreme president-in-chief to answer charges of yawning at the American flag in a subway, knowing a

man called Stalin, refusing to eat green ice-cream on Saint Patrick's Day, and other un-American activities. He owned nothing in the world except a tube of Helthi-Gumm toothpaste ("Gets Gums Really White") and a cigarette-lighter inscribed *To a Great Guy, from the Boys in the Corner Drugstore*. Everything else was on H.P. His grandmother was born in County Mayo, and he lived in a Colonial-style brownstone walk-up duplex penthouse apartment with a built-in bar, two air-conditioned rumpus rooms (His and Hers), and an uninterrupted view of a tree in Brooklyn. He had two children, one female and mentally stable, one male and emotionally disturbed. They were aged five and six respectively. His wife was organizing secretary of the local branch of the American Mothers' League for the Furtherance of Modern Shakespearean Research and Netball. She had her own convertible and was being treated for schizophrenia. "I have only the mildest form," she told me. "I think I must have caught it at Coney Island. I go for observation each Tuesday, with the woman next door. She's much worse, on account her husband isn't properly integrated, the dope."

Their son, who was tall for six and rather inclined to flabbiness, organized

the life of the whole family single-handed, choosing their clothes, their food, their entertainment, the order in which they took showers, and the subjects for their after-dinner conversation. His advice was sought on everything from finance to family planning, and if anybody dared to doubt the wisdom of any of his decisions he would set fire to the linen-cupboard, rush out into the night, and terrorize the neighbourhood with a steak-knife which he'd sharpened to a fine point. His little sister had a home perm once a week, and used a slightly paler shade of lipstick than her mother.

"We all get along just fine," Gil said. "After all, you have to have some kind of discipline."

Each year they spend a few weeks in their summer place—a prefabricated log cabin in the Adirondacks with a deep-freeze and a fully equipped cinema for showing home movies. ("When we're at home we can see ourselves playing ball in the Adirondacks, and when we're in the Adirondacks we can see ourselves playing ball in Central Park.") Here they hunt for bears, catch catfish, and swap yarns around a communal Eezi-Bild campfire with friends and business associates from back home who also have log cabins. "I guess it's the pioneer instinct," Gil

said. "Every time I unpack the folding chromium barbecue kit and the dehydrated soup-mix, out there under the stars, I say to myself 'Gil, boy, this is something you can't escape: it's in your blood.'"

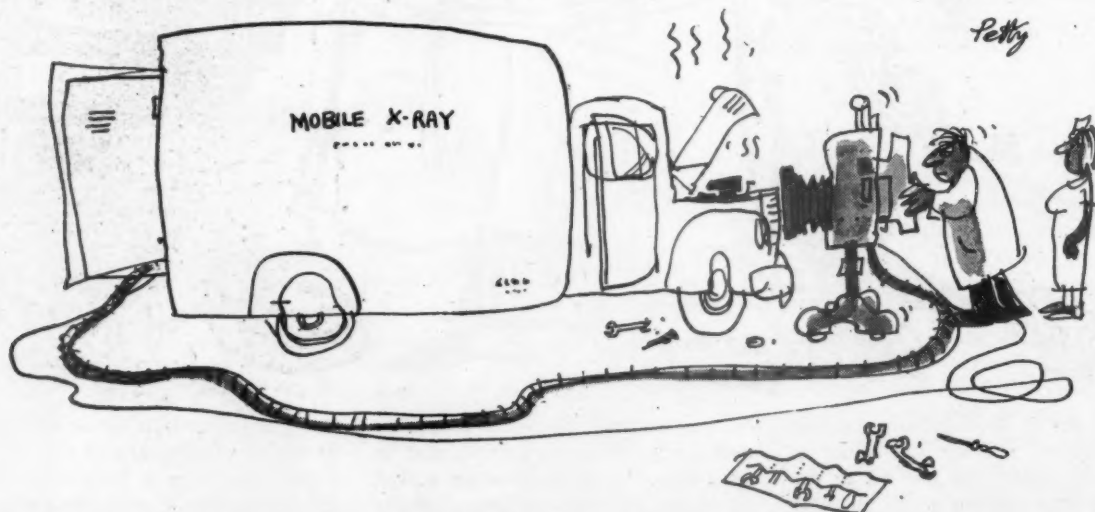
I met many men like Gil during my stay in New York, and I'm sure that if I'd been there a little longer I might have learned to tell a few of them apart.

As to the city itself, it has left a lasting impression on me. I shall not easily forget Times Square, where the man-in-the-street congregates so that television inquirers can get his views on the world situation; nor Greenwich Village, where the Paris of the 'twenties is nostalgically preserved. I shall remember the busiest port in the world, the second longest tunnel, the tallest building, the thinnest woman, the best-known boxing arena, the greatest baseball team, the best-stocked zoo, the largest natural harbour, and the biggest shop.

But perhaps most of all I shall remember the taxi-driver who, when I told him that you can't fool all of the people all of the time, replied "That's right, Mac: but we're working on it."

Next week:

I Reach the Mainland



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